

The SIGN





**GOOD NEWS
OR
BAD?**



China Looks to America

As our allies against a common aggressor, the Chinese are fighting and hoping for the day when justice and peace will prevail.

To America also our missionaries—now cut off from the rest of the world—look for that help which they must have to meet their accumulated needs. Do not forget them.

HUNAN RELIEF FUND

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

- MR. BREEN CONFRONTS THE DRAGONS.....*Daniel E. Doran* 327
INSIDE WASHINGTON.....*Joseph F. Thorning* 331
SOMETHING FOR A SUNNY DAY....*Charles R. Rosenberg, Jr.* 334
MEXICAN FAITH—AND HOPE.....*Carlos E. Castañeda* 337
THE DIVINE MAGNET.....*Xavier Welch, C.P.* 339
THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE.....*Theodore P. Vermilye* 347
CATHOLIC ACTION IN PERU.....*George Widney* 349
MILESTONES IN AMERICA'S ANNALS....*W. A. L. Styles, M.D.* 362

EDITORIALS

- AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR
Theophane Maguire, C.P. 323
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT..... 324

SHORT STORIES

- THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.....*F. B. Russell* 342
THE OLD RETAINER.....*Enid Dinnis* 357

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

- A DONKEY'S WAY.....*Leonard Amrhein, C.P.* 352
RAMPARTS OF PEKING.....*Aloysius O'Malley, C.P.* 355

FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

- PERSONAL MENTION 322
SONNETS*Sr. Maris Stella* 340
THE DARKNESS HOLDS YOU—*Poem*.....*Sr. Miriam, R.S.M.* 345
WOMAN TO WOMAN.....*Katherine Burton* 361
CATEGORICA 365
STAGE AND SCREEN.....*Jerry Cotter* 368
THE SIGN-POST: QUESTIONS AND LETTERS..... 371
BOOKS 377

Cover Drawing "Christ and the Laborer" by Mario Barberis



Personal MENTION



Dr. Carlos E. Castañeda

• **CIRCUMSTANCES** of war have added importance to our neighbors south of the Rio Grande. *Mexican Faith—and Hope* is DR. CARLOS E. CASTAÑEDA's comment on recent events in that country, especially as they affect the Church. It is of his native land that he writes. But since 1908, when he came to Texas with his parents, he has been an American

citizen, and has been a student of our history.

His advanced studies were made at the University of Texas. After teaching at William and Mary College—where he organized the Gibbons Club, first Catholic club on the campus, he returned to his Alma Mater as Latin-American Librarian and assistant professor of history. He is well known for his writings, especially his series, *Our Catholic Heritage in Texas*. October 12, 1941, he was invested as a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher.

• **HOLLYWOOD** has again deservedly brought on itself unfavorable publicity. Under the pressure of public opinion it produced some splendid pictures. But once more some of its unsavory output is meeting public condemnation. Inseparably connected with the history of keeping the films clean is Joseph Breen. The story of his energetic career is told in the article, *Mr. Breen Confronts the Dragons*.

Its author, DANIEL E. DORAN, was born in San Francisco and graduated from St. Mary's College in Oakland, California. He lives in Hollywood. He was a member of the original staff of the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service in Washington, D. C., and has since covered important stories here and abroad for that agency. He was in Chicago for the Eucharistic Congress of 1926, in Rome when the late Pope Pius XI made his formal egress from the Vatican in 1929, and in Ireland for the Eucharistic Congress of 1932. He is regarded as an authority on Oberammergau and its celebrated Passion Play. Mr. Doran has contributed numerous short stories, poems, and special articles to Catholic magazines and is the author of several plays including *Discovery*, *The Fire Eater*, and *The Right to Strike*.

• **THIS** may seem like a strange time to be talking about *Something for a Sunny Day*. But in directing attention

to safe and patriotic ways of saving money, CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR. is doing a service to our citizens and to the country. The author has appeared in these pages several times and will be remembered by our readers of long standing. In passing we ask that you give a little thought to the suggestion on the back cover of this issue to use some of your defense stamps and bonds for the benefit of the Missions.

• **INTEREST** in South America will increase rather than fade out during the trying days ahead. For this reason the eye witness account of *Catholic Action in Peru* has special significance. A deserved tribute is paid to the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and to the Fathers and Brothers of Mary of Dayton, Ohio, for their pioneer educational work in Peru. Doubtless other communities will give thought to the warm welcome and excellent opportunities which await them in South American countries. GEORGE WIDNEY, who expresses his admiration of the American religious whom he met while on The Sign Seminar to San Marcos University, is a young man from Alabama who is now studying at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

• **FOR A LITTLE RELIEF** in the way of fiction, we suggest that you turn to the contributions of two of our regular story writers—F. B. RUSSELL and ENID DINNIS. The first takes us to sea for the story of *The Widow's Daughter*; the second gives us the tale of *The Old Retainer*.

• **THEODORE PATRICK VERMILYE** makes his initial appearance before THE SIGN readers in this issue. His article on the Church Unity Octave deals with a subject in which he is deeply interested, and with which he is unusually familiar.

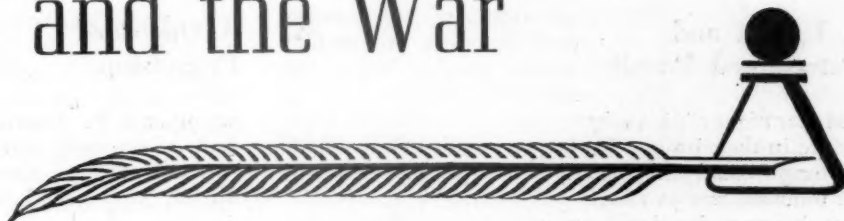
Until three years ago, Mr. Vermilye was a member of the Episcopal Church. He was received into the Catholic Church on Armistice Day, 1938, at Corpus Christi Church in New York City, making his first Holy Communion on the same day. Since that time he has been a contributor to Catholic periodicals. For a year he was Associate Editor of *Wisdom*, a monthly publication of the Paulist Fathers. At one time he was engaged in newspaper work in California.



Theodore P. Vermilye

EDITORIAL

American Catholics and the War



AN ASTONISHED NATION has recovered from the first shock of the vicious and deceitful attack by the Japanese. To some oriental-wise observers the treachery of the little men of Nippon—while not encouraging over-confidence on our part—does reveal that our enemies staked much on the element of surprise, because they know they are taking desperate chances.

They were counting, of course, on the aid of Germany and Italy—aid which was pledged to them without delay. Even though instigating the Japanese attack by his world-plan and by his active support, Hitler must have had small pleasure at having to play “number two” man in this game of follow the leader.

Now we are facing nations which have been practicing the ways of war. We are locked in deadly combat, until we or they shall be utterly defeated. History, in recording the struggle, can write no black mark against us for trying to keep peace in the Pacific. We hope that history will have no occasion to record anything in our conduct of the war which would be unworthy of a Christian nation.

ALREADY some columnists are suggesting that, since Hitler and the Japanese have torn up the rule book, we may do the same in dealing with them. We may not. We have an obligation to redouble our vigilance against enemies who have enthroned treachery in the place of truth. But we have no right and no need to practice treachery ourselves. We cannot call on God to support us in a lie.

The energies and resources of Catholics, as of other groups of citizens, are dedicated fully to the successful issue of a war in which we now so unwillingly find ourselves. Since Catholics form so large a part of the country's armed forces we have a right not only to pride in their achievements, but also an obligation to concern ourselves with all that affects their welfare.

We have the duty of pressing for the prompt removal of all inefficiency, negligence, and delay in properly training and arming for conflict our youth who will meet ruthless, well-equipped warriors. We have, above all, the urgent task of providing for them protection against moral dangers, and of making available positive spiritual ministrations which they need.

While they fight for land and liberty, for justice and peace, we must not shirk sacrifices. Some of these sacrifices will be required of us by the government; others should be self-imposed. For only by generous as well as united action shall we speed the day of victory.

THIS is a time for prayer, a time when our official representatives, our armed forces, our workers, our home folks should prove by faithful attendance at their respective churches that the invocation of God's blessing on our cause is sincerely meant. “In God We Trust” is not a local slogan; it is a national dedication and a national act of faith.

This is a time to beg God that while we fight wholeheartedly for justice, we be not given over to the spirit of hate. It is a time to examine our personal conscience and our national life with humble admission of our faults, and with sincere proofs of the intention to amend our ways.

It is a time for Catholics to realize that, while they do their duty during the war, they must likewise prepare to have their full share in determining a future peace. For on them too rests the obligation of working for a peace that will be enduring.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

WHEN the American people arose on Sunday morning, December 7, they were as a house divided against itself. United by a common desire to avoid war, they were torn

A United and Determined People

by dissensions as to the inevitability of involvement and the policy this country should pursue. When the American people went to bed that night of December 7, they were united as never before in their history. No longer was there any doubt, no longer could there be any hesitation. The course to be followed was as clearly marked out as it has ever been in our national existence, and the American people to a man were determined, and still are, to follow the course.

For a long time there had been unmistakable indications that the United States would become involved in the war raging over most of the world. At the risk of wearying our readers we had warned again and again in these pages of the terrible danger of not realizing our danger. We were faced with the threat of involvement in war, not only unprepared in the matériel necessary for the successful prosecution of modern warfare, but also unprepared mentally for the conflict, hopelessly divided among ourselves at a time when unity is essential.

Japan removed that danger by her treacherous attack on the United States on the morning of December 7. Germany and Italy helped Japan weld us into a united people by joining their perfidious ally. The initial Japanese successes were costly to us, but they did more to unite and arouse us than a billion dollars spent on propaganda could have accomplished.

Had Japan continued her policy of piecemeal aggression, had our Government declared war on her because she had invaded Thailand, or advanced against the Burma Road, we might have found ourselves in the same situation as the French in August 1939 when many Frenchmen proclaimed their unwillingness to "die for Danzig." Many Americans would undoubtedly have declared openly their unwillingness to die for Thailand or to die to keep open the Burma Road.

But now we are both united and determined in the face of Japanese-German-Italian aggression. As far as the war is concerned we are no longer Democrats or Republicans, isolationists or interventionists. We are Americans, united in the firm resolve that, cost what it may, we shall fight this war through to victory. As President Roosevelt well put it: "With confidence in our armed forces, with the unbounding determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph. So help us God!"

THE treacherous attack launched by Japan against the United States on December 7 ended a period of peace and friendship between the two countries which had lasted eighty-eight years. It

A One-sided Friendship

must be admitted, however, that during much of this time the friendship was one-sided and peace was often maintained by American concessions which were difficult to reconcile with American honor.

It was not long after Commodore Perry had opened up the Nipponese Empire to the world in 1853 that the Japs started their march on a career of conquest. In 1882 the United States entered on direct negotiations with Korea, then under Chinese authority, thus recognizing Korea's independence. The United States promised that country help in case it was treated unjustly. When Japan, in 1894, began to infringe on Korean sovereignty, we kept silent. When she declared a protectorate over Korea in 1907 and annexed that country in 1910 we continued to maintain silence.

In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904, the Japanese had American sympathy, American help in floating loans in this country, and American influence in securing favorable peace terms at the Portsmouth Peace Conference in 1905.

Japan took advantage of the World War to push her "Twenty-one Demands" on China—which amounted to a virtual protectorate—and again we were silent. By means of a threat that she would desert the Allies and join Germany, Japan blackmailed President Wilson into acknowledging her "special interests in China." In 1922 Japan signed the Nine-Power Pact, by which the signatories agreed: "To respect the sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of China." The Japanese scrapped that agreement in 1931 by taking over Manchuria—over our protests. In 1937 she began the assault on China which is still going on. In 1940 she joined the Tripartite Pact in a manner and at a time which made it evident that her adhesion to the Axis was aimed directly at us. During all this time we had been supplying Japan with the sinews of war. The climax of her steady march of aggression came on December 7, when she attacked United States territory while her emissaries were discussing peace with American officials in Washington.

We have done what we could to avoid war. If we have any regrets at present we can only lament that in our dealings with the Japanese we followed for so long a policy of appeasement. We enter the conflict with a realization that we are fighting a just war in defense of our country against an unjustified attack.

TO NO class in the Pacific and Far East areas has the war brought more dismay than to Catholic missionaries. Theirs is the Christ-like vocation of teaching and

A Spiritual Emergency

practicing charity, and of ministering to the poor. They have made themselves all things to all men—and to all nations. They have shared the lives and customs, the lawful joys and inevitable sorrows of the various peoples to whose salvation and Christian education they have dedicated themselves.

Now, in many allied lands, complete severance from financial sources will stop their activities. Priests and Sisters are interned in occupied zones. In regions of actual hostilities they will fill the heroic roles which have been familiar to them in the past.

Accumulated needs that cry for care will mingle with shouts of thanksgiving at the dawn of peace. While at the moment we are unable to contact the Passionist Fathers, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of St. Joseph in Hunan, and while we have no word from our missionaries in Peking and Shanghai, we are preparing for the day when we shall be able to help them. It is not likely that there will be much news in our Mission Department for some time to come, but we ask that you keep the missionaries in mind.

A suggestion is made, on the back cover of this issue, which we trust will meet with your approval and cooperation. In buying defense stamps and bonds you will back up the country in its fight for victory, and you can—if you wish—provide at the same time for the future of our missions. Patriotism and charity can share the sacrifice and glory of working together for God and country.

MORE details of the Spiritual Inter-American Conference to be held at Barry College, Miami, Florida, are now available. From January 1-3 formal discussions will

Miami Inter-American Conference

be held by the delegates, who are to be the guests of the Dominican Sisters. The first meeting will be presided over by Right Rev. Monsignor William Barry, who was Spiritual Director of The Sign Seminar at Lima, Peru, and who has made a survey of religious and spiritual conditions in several of the larger South American countries.

Lessons of The Sign Seminar and plans for its expansion will be discussed by Dr. Joseph F. Thorning of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, who was the first Director of the Seminar; by George Widney of Alabama; by Sister Laurine of Siena Heights College, Adrian, Michigan; by Miss Margaret Brine of Cambridge, Mass.—and by others of the group who studied at San Marcos University Summer School.

Others, whose papers will develop problems connected with the program and suggestions for extending Catholic participation in the Inter-American movement are: Dr. Richard J. Purcell—Catholic University; Sister Helen Patricia—Immaculata College; Miss Ellen Collins—Graduate School of Columbia University; Dr. A. Curtis Wilgus—George Washington University; Sister Regina Marie, O.P.—Barry College; Dr. Colman Nevils,

S.J.—Georgetown University; Mr. Charles H. Lee—New York City; Rev. A. M. Danis—Ottawa University, Canada.

For the first time, The Sign Las Americas Awards will be announced. One medal will be bestowed on the North American and one on the Ibero-American who has been outstanding in the promotion of spiritual ideals in the Americas.

At a time when a national emergency and an awakening appreciation of our neighbors to the South turn our thoughts in their direction, the inauguration of this movement is timely. While actual traveling of seminars to the various countries will likely be curtailed for the present, the interest in all that this spiritual and cultural program connotes will not, we hope, be lessened in any way.

ENCOURAGEMENT in a struggle which caught us at a disadvantage came in the prompt co-operation of our sister republics in Central and South America. In offering us help in our hour of

South American Race Relations

need, they are proving themselves to be in fact as in name "good neighbors." It will be unwise as well as ungrateful of us if we do not seriously strive to remove misunderstandings, such as those which might arise from any unfairness toward racial minorities.

Closer contact with strategic Brazil, for example, will bring to the attention of North Americans the fact that we have and need the friendship of a nation—one-third of whose citizens are Negroes. Our people will also learn—it is safe to say most of them do not know the evidence now—that from its earliest history Brazil's race relations present a record with which ours is better uncomparated.

In his new and informative volume, *Colored Catholics in the United States*, Fr. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., takes up this subject. His own conclusions are fortified by such authorities as Lord Bryce, and Protestant Dr. Mary Williams. From the latter we take this passage:

"One of the factors (in bettering race relations) was the unifying influence of the Catholic Church, with which the casual and diminishing part played by the Protestant groups in the Southern United States offers no comparison. . . . But Church membership not only classed the Negro as a living soul capable of salvation. It gave him, in the priest, a counsellor whose influence was largely for the good, and a friend to whom he could appeal for protection against injustice. . . . Most important of all and most difficult fully to evaluate because the influence was so subtle—membership in the Roman Church bound the slaves, with all the power represented by that organization to white Brazilians, in a brotherhood based upon the recognition of God as the common Father. . . . The most striking difference between the attitude in Brazil toward the Negro slaves and that in the United States was the ease with which bondsmen could in the former country secure manumission. Whereas in most of the slave-holding States of the North American Union, emancipation was either discouraged or absolutely prohibited by law because of the ever-present fear of the free black, in Brazil it was facilitated and stimulated to a degree unparalleled elsewhere in the history of Negro slavery."

While there are ways in which South Americans may benefit from contact with us there are, it appears, many lessons we can learn from them. If any improvement in our own race relations results from our observation and imitation of the South American way—we shall be forever indebted to our good neighbors.

OF ALL the countries of South America, Chile has been most subjected to Leftist machinations. It is the only country in the Western Hemisphere that has had a popular front government.

Brighter Prospects in Chile

More moderate influences are now making themselves felt, according to a report by Fred Ferguson in the *Washington Daily News*. According to this correspondent's report the present slogan is: "No Berlin, no Moscow, but Chile."

Even more impressive than slogans is Mr. Ferguson's account of the Eucharistic Congress held in Chile recently. He writes: "There were unusual and entirely unexpected results growing out of the Eucharistic Congress which was held in Chile in early November. Even the most optimistic expected crowds of perhaps up to 40,000 to turn out for the religious festival here in this center of a popular front government. But the popular front itself never—even at the height of the fervor which swept it into power—attracted such crowds to the streets as did the call of the congress to prayer and communion."

"Crowds which numbered first 100,000, then 200,000, and finally reached a climax of 300,000, jammed Cousino Park."

"In the big final parade, all of the South American and other leading nations were represented by delegations. The Americans could muster only a little group of Catholics, headed by Cecil Lyon of the Embassy, but as they appeared behind their flag they were given an ovation throughout the long march up Avenida Ejercito."

Prospects are much brighter in Chile than they were a few years ago—both for religion and for hemisphere solidarity.

FROM the military viewpoint there can be no doubt that it is better to have Soviet Russia fighting with us than against us. Nevertheless, such an alliance is by no

Russia—With a Grain of Salt

means a wholly unmitigated good. We Americans must take a realistic and objective view of the situation and act accordingly. We are fighting for democracy, for the four freedoms, and for Christian civilization, but it does not follow that therefore all our allies are animated by the same lofty ideals. In fact, Soviet Russia is as hostile to all these ideals as is Nazi Germany.

We must never forget that Soviet Russia is not allied to the democracies by choice. Russia deliberately and freely joined the Nazis in 1939 in a pact that was the signal for the beginning of the present war. For almost two years the Reds helped the Nazis by every means at their disposal, short of war, and would still be doing so had not Hitler turned on them like a mad

dog. They are now allied to Britain and the United States only because of the necessity of the moment.

We must keep in mind that our military relations with Soviet Russia in no way constitute an alliance with Communism. We must distinguish between Russia and Communism, and between the Russian people and their Red overlords. We Americans have no more desire to assist in spreading Communism than we have to aid in spreading Nazism; we have no more wish to strengthen the regime of Stalin than that of his totalitarian twin, Hitler.

We should also keep in mind the terrible danger to Europe and the world that would result from a complete Russian victory. While we rejoice when Hitler suffers a setback at the hands of the Russians, we should bear in mind that a rout of the German armies would open the floodgates to a tide of Asiatic totalitarianism that would sweep unopposed over the fair lands of Europe. The day may come when Britain and the United States will need all their military strength to check the encroachments of their erstwhile ally. It is not too soon to prepare for that day.

THE British have set us a good example in their attitude toward Soviet Russia. After the Nazi invasion of Russia, Prime Minister Churchill made it perfectly

Gangster Versus Gangster

clear that while Britain would co-operate in a military way with Russia there would be no truck with Communism. In speaking in the House of Commons Churchill quoted approvingly the words of General Jan Smuts: "If this Hitler in his insane megalomania has driven Russia to fight him in self-defense we bless her arms and wish her all success without for a moment identifying ourselves with her Communistic creed."

American Catholics have also the example of their brethren in England. After the Nazi invasion of Russia there was considerable discussion in the Catholic press of England on the attitude Catholics should adopt toward Russia. The conclusions of that discussion were well summed up by a writer in the *Catholic Gazette*: "The Nazi clique is at present the one which has caused, and is causing, the greatest havoc in Europe and even in the world in general, and which constitutes the greatest menace to Britain and the Commonwealth. Hence the conclusion that, at the moment, this major and immediate menace must be opposed to the utmost, even though this involves fighting alongside the remoter menace of the Soviet. So, while our present policy of action is clear enough, we must beware of becoming so muddleheaded as to paint one gangster with the glorious colors of pure-hearted heroism, the chivalric defender of liberty, merely because another gangster has attacked him."

As Eugene Lyons said in an article in *THE SIGN* last month: "The same hard-boiled policy is called for in the United States. We must face frankly the truth that we are ready to assist Stalin only as a matter of expediency and without the remotest direct or implied approval of his slave regime. . . . Every attempt to camouflage the Soviet despotism as a democracy or near-democracy can only boomerang."

Mr. Breen Confronts The Dragons

By DANIEL E. DORAN



JOSEPH I. BREEN

He's not running away from the fight

HEROIC combats of St. George, Sir Giles, and other well-advertised champions of fact and fiction notwithstanding, all Hollywood today has its eyes fixed on a super-colossal struggle in which one of its best-known and most mysterious knights will essay the subjugation of its most fashionable and formidable dragons.

The conflict promises to be one of the most amazing in Hollywood's hectic history, with odds against the man and bankrolls of millions in the balance.

The dragons are those common to Hollywood and all mankind: sin, smut, suggestiveness, vice, bad manners, and too-easy morals. Hollywood has protested these many years its desire but inability to send them scurrying from the American screen. It would have none of them, it declares, if its feudal master, the great American public, did not demand that they be allowed free roamage for its delight.

The hero who now finally essays to subdue the dragons is none other than Sir Joseph Ignatius Breen, Knight of St. Gregory by appointment of the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church and for the past ten years identified with the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, commonly known as the Hays' office. For seven of these ten

years Mr. Breen was Administrating Director of the Motion Picture Code Administration, the "censor of the movies."

A few months ago, just as mysteriously as in 1929 he flew into Hollywood from the windswept skies of Chicago, Mr. Breen laid his resignation on the Hays office desk at 5504 Hollywood Boulevard. To newspaper reporters and others who sought the reason behind this page-one news, Mr. Breen vouchsafed an explanation obviously hollow.

He said he was "tired."

With that he left the astute Hollywood commentators, past masters in the business of expanding any syllable into yards of breathless speculation, baffled and bewildered. More than that, they were plainly irritated. Some even attempted to wax facetious over a typically Breenesque statement which on this occasion was, as usual, cryptic, but rather exceptionally curt.

Reported the *Los Angeles Daily News*:

"The story of Mr. Breen's resignation is correct. There is no comment!" This was Mr. Joseph I. Breen's third-person singular remark on his resignation yesterday as Director of the Production Code Administration.

... "Rumor gave as reason for his

resignation that he is 'tired'. Mr. Breen is fifty-three."

Behind this sardonic account may be recognized the fact that Mr. Breen does not make newspaper people his confidants. Only those who have followed his career closely these twenty years may realize what had made Mr. Breen, at fifty-three, so tired of what seemed to be a powerful and enviable position. The "censor of the movies" was not merely tired. He was, as he often put it at the end of a weary day, "sick, tired, and disgusted." More than that, he had determined to do something about it—about this matter of unclean and filthy pictures.

That he will do so is a good wager, even with odds against him.

For the funeral-baked meats of his demise as censor were hardly cold before he himself had come to life again. Like the wily wrestler who lies swathed in bandages for days and then limps into the ring to leap upon his hapless opponent with unsuspected ferocity, Mr. Breen, having wearily closed the door of the Hays' office behind him, suddenly developed an amazing accretion of strength and spirits. The very next working day he appeared in the device and habiliments of RKO Radio Pictures, panoplied with the accouterments of Executive Vice-Presi-

dent in Charge of Production and with authority far more potent for his destined deeds than any he had relinquished.

Again he left the lords of the press mystified and glum and dour.

Those who wish well to the new battle which Sir Joseph has undertaken may count upon one great fighting quality. Their champion is an amazing opportunist. This ability to grasp quickly and to capitalize fully a given situation is equal to that of President Roosevelt—if indeed he cannot give lessons to that past master in swift trading.

Sixteen years ago I remember sitting with him one August afternoon in the apartment of his brother, Jimmy, a Philadelphia lawyer, located in the Pennsylvania Hotel in West Phillie. Joe was just recovering from a very serious illness which had lasted eight months and had reduced his 185 pounds of bone and muscle to about ninety-five pounds of skin and bones.

He had just been engaged for an important mission by the late W. H. Caldwell, then President of the Franco-Belgique Tours, Ltd., of New York. Mr. Breen was proceeding that afternoon to Duluth, Minn., with the objective of persuading the Knights of Columbus to accede to the request of Pope Pius XI that all Catholics who were able to do so come to Rome to celebrate the great year of jubilee solemnized by the Church every quarter century.

Mr. Breen's mission to Duluth failed, but Mr. Breen did not fail. On the platform from which he spoke vainly he was followed by Monsignor Edward Quille, Secretary of the Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress which was destined to be held in the United States for the first time, and in the city of Chicago, come summer 1926. Monsignor Quille was interested in having the Knights of Columbus officially participate in the Congress. Like Mr. Breen, at that convention, he was received with mild applause and little more.

The opportunity which the Knights of Columbus ignored, much to their regret a year later, Mr. Breen, a master opportunist in the best sense, instantly grasped. His innate Catholic sense had been broadened by several years experience as Overseas Commissioner of the National Catholic Welfare Council's Department of

Immigration. He knew Rome and the history of the Church as did few Catholic laymen. And he was sincerely interested in the Chicago Congress. Observing that Msgr. Quille, after having been greeted with that mild applause, was leaving the Duluth convention hall a trifle irritated, he made the incident ground for a common cause.

THE result of this meeting of kindred commiserating souls was that in Chicago in 1926 Mr. Breen loomed up as Vice-President and Director of Public Relations for the Congress, posts which he filled with such distinction that he leaped to eminence among American Catholics and set a new high mark for publicizing a Catholic event in the United States, if not in the world.

When the Congress adjourned, Mr. Breen had firmly established a reputation for ability in organization. He was sought as secretary of the Chicago World's Fair, for which plans were being made, and accepted that post. One of his principal sponsors had been Stuyvesant Peabody, influential Chicago capitalist and Catholic to the core.

Mr. Peabody, a few months later, did not see eye to eye with certain policies of President Rufus Dawes of the Chicago World's Fair, the net result of which was that Mr. Breen found himself behind a desk in the Peabody Coal Company with the title of Assistant to the President and a gamut of duties which ranged from the settlement of strikes in the Illinois and Kentucky coal districts to shipping strings of horses in and out of the Hawthorne and Churchill Downs race tracks, in which Mr. Peabody was interested.

From his position with the Peabody Coal Company Mr. Breen jumped into the motion picture business.

In 1928, Loyola University of Chicago, a Jesuit institution, selected several laymen to act as members of its Board of Directors. Among them were Mr. Peabody, who was reputed to have no little cash tied up in motion picture interests, and Martin Quigley, former dramatic critic of the *Chicago Tribune* and later destined to become publisher of what is probably the most important group of motion picture magazines and newspapers in the business. Also on the Board were the

Rev. Joseph Dinneen, S. J., pastor of St. Ignatius' Church on Chicago's north side, and Mr. Breen.

One night Father Dinneen arrived at the Board meeting fairly late and bursting with righteous indignation.

"I'm going to teach some people in this town a lesson," he said. "I'll stop these filthy motion pictures from coming into my parish if we have to clean out every alderman on the north side."

What had aroused Father Dinneen's indignation was the motion picture *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, which had packed houses in the Loop district and was being rapidly booked into outlying residential sections. From all reports it was just the type of movie that was giving the cinema an extremely putrid reputation.

Opportunity was knocking again at Mr. Breen's door, and Mr. Breen's ear was as keenly attuned to her voice as his crusading mind was alert to the implications of her summons.

Eagerly he listened while Mr. Quigley, veteran of the motion picture business, explained why the Jesuit priest's proposed onslaught directed at the aldermen would be fruitless.

"It has been tried many times and in many cities," said Quigley. "The result has been that the aldermen have gone but the indecent movies remain. When a Hollywood producer has several hundred thousand invested in a motion picture he will generally find some way of getting around local pressure. In order to clean up the films you must go to Hollywood itself. You've got to stop the sewage at the source. You've got to reach the producer. If you can show him that in the long run only clean pictures pay, you won't have to worry about aldermen."

That conversation and subsequent results have made motion picture history.

Powerful forces at once went to work. Will Hays, who had been appointed President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors in 1924, was found not only to be sympathetic to the idea but anxious to co-operate. He, in fact, had been baffled by the problem which vexed Father Dinneen. He wanted to do the right thing. As an elder in the Presbyterian Church, he was not without influence among vast bodies of religious adherents who saw eye to eye with him.

Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., a

member of the faculty of St. Louis University and editor of *The Queen's Work*, influential journal of the potent Sodality Union, was engaged by the Hays' office to write a code for motion picture producers. Father Lord had been Catholic adviser to Cecil B. De Mille, when the latter was screening *The King of Kings*, and had long been known as a versatile writer and prolific pamphleteer. He undertook the new assignment with alacrity and drafted the code in a few days. It was accepted voluntarily by most of the important studios. The first picture produced under its provisions was *Bad Girl*, which was shown to a few priests, newspaper critics, and representatives of the Catholic press at the Fox Studio in New York. By this selected and discriminating audience it was approved and applauded. The code had begun to function, and present-

fare Conference which he had represented abroad. A former attaché of the United States Consular Service, the Philadelphia lad who started as a newspaper reporter was destined to go places in Hollywood.

Hollywood flabbergasted Mr. Breen. He was amazed at its manners, its prodigality. The depression was on at that time and the box office receipts were off. The returns were becoming less and less proportionate to the outlay. Producers worried. They blamed the times, they berated the public, and finally they cursed the code. One by one they began to violate its provisions. One by one prominent persons in the religious world began to complain. Some of Mr. Breen's friends, among them Monsignor Joseph Corrigan of Philadelphia, now Bishop Corrigan and President of the Catholic University, were writing him letters.



JOSEPH BREEN AND GEOFFREY SHURLOCK

"Not for all the gold in Kentucky," said Mr. Shurlock

ly praise began to come in from all precincts.

Meanwhile, Mr. Breen, with no fanfare of trumpets usual to motion picture press-agentry, had moved into Hollywood as Mr. Hays' assistant. Incidentally, he had moved into the \$25,000 a year brackets. Prior to his long illness and his engagement by Mr. Caldwell, he had been sales director for a Boston publishing firm and before that Director of Publications for the National Catholic Wel-

Gradually things came to another dramatic climax for moralists, for the industry, and for Mr. Breen. And again Mr. Breen, singing a song for better and cleaner movies, found opportunity knocking at his door.

It was the summer of 1934. The Roosevelt Administration was in power. Its attempts to remedy a bad situation were changing the economic structure of the nation. The NRA eagle was flapping its wings indus-

triously; new commissions and new codes were the order of the day. I was editing *The Leader*, a San Francisco Catholic labor paper which was laying down a barrage in favor of the striking waterfront unions. A longshoreman and a bystander had been killed on the waterfront, presumably by the police. A parade of sixty thousand men had marched up Market Street behind the dead, one of whom was buried in a cemetery in the San Francisco Presidio.

Mr. Breen called me up that night from Hollywood. He had never been in San Francisco.

"I'm coming up that way tomorrow night," he said. "I'm sick and tired of it down here and I want to take a few days' rest. I want to see what you Bolsheviki are doing up there. Maybe I can get some ideas."

Studying San Francisco at first hand, Mr. Breen was back again at his old theme of purifying the movies. Archbishop John J. Cantwell of Los Angeles—he was then Bishop Cantwell—a skilled diplomat who only recently led a historic pilgrimage of priests and laity into Mexico, where for the first time in decades Catholic prelates and priests were permitted to appear in public in their clerical garb, had just caused to be published in the *Catholic Ecclesiastical Review* a scathing indictment of the motion picture interests.

Archbishop Cantwell had induced Dr. A. P. Giannini, to whose establishment, the Bank of America, many producers were deeply indebted, to call a meeting of the top dogs of the industry. There they were regaled by the stentorian voice of Attorney Joseph Scott, Knight Commander of the Holy Sepulcher, Knight of St. Gregory, Knight of Malta, and, in the Knights of Columbus, as he often remarks, "a plain buck private." The producers listened attentively to Mr. Scott as he spoke for the Archbishop, and laughed it off later in the secrecy of their studios. Reform and regeneration were apparently stopped dead in their tracks. Even a more hopeful person than Mr. Breen would have been temporarily "sick and tired."

But now the worm was wriggling again. Amid mounting indignation there had arisen a new movement, a movement for a motion picture code with teeth in it, a code which, like the ever-increasing government codes, could be enforced.

Out of the placid atmosphere of the annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities in New York rang the voice of His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States and authorized spokesman for the Holy See.

The condition of motion pictures in the United States he declared to be deplorable. Innocent souls were its victims.

"How long," he asked, "is this massacre of innocence to continue?"

The answer was not long coming. In November, at their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., the Catholic archbishops and bishops of the United States appointed a committee, formulated a new organization to be known as the Legion of Decency, ordered that a pledge to refrain from attending vile and suggestive movies be recited in every Catholic church in the country. That pledge was to be taken the second Sunday of December and reiterated annually.

Hastily — almost frantically — the motion picture magnates ran for cover. They about-faced with amazing alacrity. Their haughty attitude of nonchalance and disrespect dropped like a mask. They scurried forth to take new oaths of fealty to whatever the pestiferous bishops and their unreasonable followers, the faithful Catholics of America, might want. They were willing to do anything that might advance the interests of sound morals and pious teachings. *But don't ruin our box office which provides entertainment and education for the people.*

Came then into power Mr. Joseph I. Breen as Production Code Administrator, this time armed with all the plenipotentiaries requisite to slap down the most important producers in the land.

This was in 1934.

But enforcing that code was another matter, a matter that added gray hairs to Mr. Breen's head and wrinkles to Mr. Breen's brow.

It is no happy job, telling men who pay your salary just what they may or may not do. It is no sinecure to match wits against studio producers, studio directors, studio script writers, studio cameramen, studio lawyers, studio advertisers, and studio publicity men. Best proof of this is the comment made by Geoffrey Shur-

lock, No. 1 Breen assistant, when it was rumored that on the latter's resignation he would step permanently into Mr. Breen's shoes, which he had been filling temporarily.

"Not for all the tea in China," he said. "Life's too short and I'm too weak. The sooner they get someone else to take over the berth, the better I'll sleep at night. Yes, the money's good, but not that job for all the gold in Kentucky."

The fact is that Mr. Breen's job was a job of constant battle, constant bickering, constant attempts to keep up with incidents and precedents which several hundred studio representatives and entrepreneurs could dig up and drag out as valid reasons why they were eating fish while their rivals were enjoying fowl.

Little by little, over that period between 1935 and 1939, the movie magnates and their satellites cunningly contrived to puncture the provisions of the code. The year 1940 saw it pretty well shattered by precedents which in most individual cases, either by direct application or parallel argument, admitted of little dispute.

And again Catholic opinion, through the influence of press and pulpit, became generally aroused to conditions which brought forth vigorous protest.

THE first important blast came from the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, meeting in Richmond. Composed of outstanding graduates of Catholic women's colleges, it speaks with considerable authority. It has a powerful influence in the Legion of Decency, and from its ranks are chosen many of the women who preview pictures for the Legion. It was only natural that from its strictures the Legion should take its cue and publicly express its apprehension. And it was almost inevitable that the hierarchy of the United States, meeting in November, should suggest, though not in such bald language, that the movies were not all they were cracked up to be and should be cracked down on.

Heavy repercussions were being heard meanwhile from Catholic publications. The October issue of the *Catholic Film and Radio Review* had reprinted from the *Chicago New World* a biting editorial in which it was pointed out that, "Will Hays admitted that he thought the public

was getting more broadminded because they accepted some of the more recent productions which he had released and which he thought might be thrown back at him."

The February 1941, issue of the *Catholic Film and Radio Review* painted an even worse picture. It quoted severe criticisms of the situation from influential Catholic papers published in widely separated parts of the United States.

The *Boston Pilot*, for instance, declared: "There is no question that despite the work done by the Legion of Decency, despite the promises of reform and the installation of a Catholic in the Hays' office, there is still room for criticism. Under certain aspects the problem is even more perplexing than in the era before the Legion of Decency."

In the face of this mounting criticism of those whose gospel of clean pictures he had preached, from the very moral forces whose cause he had so long championed, Mr. Breen, weary of the conflict, took counsel with himself and cast his eyes on other fields. No self-respecting Catholic, and certainly none who had sought to observe the teachings which he imbibed at his mother's knees, could do other than Mr. Breen did. He quit.

But he is not running away from the fight. As production manager for RKO-Radio, a massive list of manuscripts and a host of production problems have for the past six months engaged his attention as he has sifted and struggled to devise the campaign in which he hopes to prove to present competitors, his erstwhile bosses and yet those whom he was presumed to have power to boss, that clean movies can still be big box office.

Mr. Breen reads poetry, especially that of Tom Daly, a fellow Philadelphian, with enthusiasm and gusto.

Sometimes I think he must often read Tennyson, who, in a rare and fervid moment, put these words into the mouth of another knight:

"My good sword carves the casques of men,

My swift lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Mr. Breen may not only confront the dragons. He may destroy them.



AMERICAN TRANSPORT

Members of U. S. Army Air Corps as they left for the Philippines before the outbreak of hostilities

Acme

Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

THE war is an endurance contest, in which victory will rest with the people with the stoutest hearts and the best morale." This sums up the sentiment in the capital of the United States.

The blow from Japan was unexpected only in the manner in which it was delivered. Like every punch aimed below the belt, it produced agonizing pain. Naval and air circles took the full impact of the hit. As the effects upon strategy are being measured, the losses are being repaired behind the walls of official silence.

The clamor for detailed information was answered by Secretary of the Navy, Knox. Reinforcements of men and replacement of equipment are proceeding apace. The prime purpose of these moves is to head off other surprise attacks by the Japanese sea and air fleets. Had the invaders known the extent of the damage inflicted by the initial raid, they would have lost no time in concentrating ships and bombing planes for another blow. In other words, a raid, if overwhelmingly successful,

can sometimes be transformed into a full-fledged invasion.

As indicated in the December issue of *THE SIGN*, war in the Pacific imposes vast wide-ranging operations upon both sets of belligerents. For the Allies, British Singapore is one citadel of an arc that stretches to Pearl Harbor, the North American tower. Both were originally intended to serve as springboards for an offensive swing into the North Pacific; they are now fiercely assailed bastions of defense. Both are essential to victory in the Far East.

In view of the modified situation in the Orient, the strategic value of the Galápagos Islands, off the coast of Ecuador, takes on vastly enhanced importance. A glance at the map reveals that naval forces, based upon this South American outpost in the Pacific, could not only cut-off trade along the West Coast, but also dominate the western entrance to the Panama Canal. The latter, in view of what happened at Hawaii, is more than ever vital in providing swift facilities for fleet transfers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Under these circumstances, it is gratifying to recall that both Secretary of State Cordell B. Hull and the Under-Secretary, Sumner Welles, have maintained most friendly relationships with the Ecuadoreans. The latter, even when they elect a Liberal President, traditionally retain a Catholic Foreign Minister. At the moment, this happens to be one of the most devout Catholics in Ibero-America, Dr. Julio Tovar Donoso. Last June, *in absentia*, due to an air travel delay, this statesman received an honorary degree from the Catholic University of America.

In this connection, it is also noteworthy that valuable oil deposits are available in those upper reaches of the Amazon River which water a territory in dispute between both Ecuador and Peru. Last summer, the Nazis and Japs attempted, by fishing in troubled waters, to nullify the United States interest both in the Galápagos Islands and the petroleum prizes beyond the Andean mountain ranges. This is just one tip-off to the rich potentialities of the South American scene. War in the Pacific touches every end-organ and nerve throughout Ibero-America. Incidentally, this suggests the field of operations of the United States Pacific fleet. The territory to be patrolled extends from Bering Strait to Cape Horn.

Fortunately, a task of this kind can be somewhat simplified by squadrons of long-range bombers. Flying boats proved their worth in tracking down the *Bismarck* in the Atlantic. They can spot and report Japanese capital ships as well as airplane carriers, with similar results.

Obviously, the airplane carrier looms up as the biggest development of modern war. At least, this is the conclusion of Congressional leaders. Within three days, the backbone of the fleet, the battleship, if not actually superseded, has certainly been overshadowed by flying fortresses. More specifically, the torpedo-carrying planes have leaped into prominence. The deadly accuracy of "tin fish," released at the most crucial moments in contemporaneous naval history, turned the tide of battle—in the Mediterranean, in the Atlantic, and in the Pacific! The only warship disaster that can compare with what happened at Pearl Harbor is the havoc wrought by British aerial torpedoes launched at the Gulf of

Taranto and Cape Matapan. The machines are appropriately named *Swordfish*: Ready to slash through iron and steel! The pride of the Italian Navy is buried in blue Mediterranean waters because of this new development in modern warfare.

As already noted, Germany's most serious threat to the British blockade, unloosed in the dispatch of the *Hood* by the *Bismarck*, was speedily averted by airplanes equipped with marine torpedoes. Both in the Far East and at Oahu Island the Japs showed they had learned and applied this lesson thoroughly. "Tin fish," tightly grasped in the teeth of fighting aircraft, are definitely ensconced as the first line of offense in war at sea.

Commenting upon this evolution (or revolution) in sea warfare, a veteran Washington observer declared:

"The British were the pioneers in the development of torpedo-carrying warplanes, as they were first with the tryouts of tanks in the battle of the Somme during the first World War. This indicates that British engineering skill as well as invention are a splendid asset in the present pattern of mechanized warfare. Most regrettable, the Japanese, who are the imitators *par excellence*, had the most acute naval and air attachés with forces of the Axis powers in the Mediterranean. The Jap procedure is epitomized in three words: Adopt; adapt; *adept!* With lightning-like celerity and cunning, these students of *Blitzkrieg* technique absorbed a revolutionary doctrine and practice from their future opponents. It is time for the originators of this powerful offensive weapon again to seize the initiative in the utilization of the tin fish. The combination of the new backbone of the navy, airplane carriers and torpedo-launching planes can win the war. This can mean war in the fourth dimension with a vengeance!"

This is not the opinion of an amateur strategist but the deliberate judgment of an expert who advises the Congressional Committees on Capitol Hill.

The high hopes which had been entertained in Washington with respect to an active participation of Soviet Russia in the war against Japan, although not entirely abandoned, have been considerably moderated. Prior to the arrival of Ambassador Maxim Litvinoff in the

capital, it had been practically taken for granted that arrangements for United States air and naval bases in Siberia would be made as soon as need for the latter arose in an acute form. That day of need has come. With Vladivostok as the spearhead of an Allied offensive in the Far East, it would be possible to strike damaging blows right at the center of the Japanese Empire. This strategic port is less than seven hundred miles from the Tokyo metropolitan area.

Hundreds of bombers, based on Vladivostok, could ravage the industrial triangle of Japan which stretches from Tokyo and Yokohama in the north, to Osaka in the southwest. Those who have traveled from Tokyo to Osaka or Kobe know how close-packed are the factories and homes in this section. The bulk of the buildings are composed of highly inflammable bamboo. Everybody knows that the Soviet military and air chieftains have concentrated a huge number of long-range bombers at Vladivostok and other air bases in Siberia. Almost a hundred submarines lie ready for action in the same region. There are additional naval and air forces at Petropavlovsk in Russian Kamchatka.

Officials in Washington make no secret of their desire to see an Allied attack open up a short-cut to victory by way of Siberia. Indeed, it is pointed out that the Aleutian Islands in Bering Strait constitute a natural bridgehead, first to Kamchatka, and then to the Kuril Islands, the northern outposts of Japan only 1,600 miles from Yokohama. Sooner or later, it is claimed, Soviet Russia will be forced to recognize the fact that the anti-Comintern pact is tripartite, one of whose partners is Japan. In short, every prong in the three-headed harpoon was originally aimed at the Kremlin, while the bloodiest fighting of the entire war has taken place as the result of an invasion by two of the anti-Comintern partners on the soil of the Soviet Union. The Kremlin's determination, now ratified by treaty, not to negotiate a separate peace indicates that, if the western front can be stabilized, an Allied "mousetrap" play can be attempted in the spots where the Japanese are most vulnerable.

It is reported that Hitler has made proffers of peace to Joseph Stalin through Swedish intermediaries. It

was even stated in Washington that, "if the offer were good enough in Premier Joseph Stalin's eyes he would accept it." Others assert that Hitler is now the victim of his own conquests: if he were to make an acceptable offer to Soviet Russia he would have definitely to surrender his chance for control of the oil of the Caucasus. Furthermore, he can take no risks on making an offer good enough for Soviet Russia's rapid recuperation from an exhausting war.

One of the most revealing analyses on the Oriental thinking now being applied to the world situation came in the following Washington dispatch:

"The Oriental unity theory has as its premise the fact that the bulk of the Russians, like the Chinese and Japanese, are essentially united as Orientals. As such, they may attempt to emulate European methods, and they will deal with and co-operate with the West where it is convenient or expedient, but they do not feel this co-operation to be either permanently useful or morally necessary."

This may be the key to future developments in the Far East contest. Soviet Russia will single-mindedly make decisions in the light of the interests and needs of its own empire.

In Europe, attention shifted to the Iberian Peninsula. Listening posts in the United States capital, as on many previous occasions, heard rumors that Hitler was about to dispatch three divisions to attack Gibraltar. It was likewise reported that Generalissimo Francisco Franco was prepared to grant permission for the transit of combat troops. The rumors are linked with suggestions that the southern reaches of Morocco are an ideal jumping-off place for the long-expected Nazi pounce on French Dakar.

In this connection, two points are noteworthy: (1) the newspapers plunged Spain into the war times without number only to discover that our own country was involved before Franco made any move against Great Britain; (2) the Spanish diplomats in Washington make no secret of their reluctance to see any further extension of German influence. Anti-Nazi feeling in Portugal is equally strong. One thing is certain: Hitler won't be invited to

cross the Pyrenees, although he is probably bold enough to invite himself.

Last week in Washington, a Congressman who keeps in close touch with foreign affairs remarked to me:

"It is a curious feature of the European scene that the SSS (Spain, Switzerland, and Sweden) powers have maintained a shaky neutrality. These three states stretch like oases or islands across the wilderness of continental war. They are the only nations that can perform friendly, sometimes indispensable, diplomatic offices for both sides. Unless these channels are kept open, Europe is apt to forfeit the last vestiges of civilized living, while the war prisoners, refugees, and many innocent civilians will find their hopes for communication with their families or repatriation exclusively dependent upon the Vatican. As it is, according to authentic reports in Washington, the Vatican's relief facilities are taxed to the limit."

"Boomtown on the Potomac" may suffer a case of arrested development, in case the plans of the War Department and Office of Civilian Defense are firmly applied. It is expected that by June of this year the number of Federal employees in the District of Columbia will be close to 250,000, a more than one hundred thousand increase over the figure verifiable in April 1940. The Defense Homes Corporation, a government low-rent housing agency, aims to build 7,500 apartments renting for from \$30 to \$45 a month. Many other low-priced dwellings are now in the blueprint stage, awaiting Congressional appropriations. Some dormitories have been built, while others are in process of construction, especially for the benefit of the many single women and girls drawn to the Capital by the opportunities available to clerks and stenographers.

The location of new buildings is regarded as a critical problem, in view of the fresh emphasis on air-raid dangers. It is likely that huge sums of Federal money will be appropriated for shelters and demountable houses to care for many Washington residents who are being warned that evacuation rules will be applied to defense centers. Those living in exposed army posts or in the vicinity of munitions factories would be the first to be affected by this order. At any rate, the decen-

tralization of Washington work and play is a distinct prospect.

A most painful impression was caused in the Capital by the claim, published under the name of Major General Henry Joseph Reilly, retired, to the effect that the Army required "*morale*, not *morals*," adding that "young soldiers need drink and women." The shock was particularly heavy in the headquarters of Surgeon General Thomas Parran, who has done his best to warn the Army officers as well as the general public about the disastrous inroads upon health caused by venereal disease carriers in the vicinity of army camps. It is newsworthy that General Reilly declares himself to be an Episcopalian, not a Catholic. Of course, no one in Washington imagines that the advice of this one-time military leader can be given serious consideration. It was cited chiefly as an instance of how the

new schedules of taxation both for private incomes and industrial profits. A university professor discovered something that has frequently been featured in *THE SIGN*: that "the honeymoon of the consumer is over." Rigid government control, it is acknowledged, will alone prevent a runaway market, while Mr. Leon Henderson continues to insist that farm prices must be held in check. He will most likely be heard.

Washington knows that it is face to face with a world revolution. There is no disposition anywhere to make light of the nation's opponents. The emphasis is upon hard work, patience, and courage. No plans will be drawn for a short war; no moves will be initiated in the mood of overconfidence. Both the leaders and the rank and file are stripped for action. The difficulties of the task ahead, although carefully assayed, are neither minimized nor exagger-



Harris & Ewing

FLIGHT DECK OF U. S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER

Aircraft carriers are the biggest development of modern war

militaristic temperament can run amok in an hour of crisis. On the other hand, it was pointed out that no such absurdity had come from the lips of any responsible British leader during two and one half years of warfare.

War-time restrictions on prices and heavier taxation are now a certainty. Ceilings for the cost of fats and oils have already been indicated. The Treasury experts are preparing

ated. As battle is joined in the Atlantic and the Pacific, the mood of Capital chieftains may be paraphrased in the epigram ascribed to Napoleon:

"In waging war, always remember that your enemy has a thousand problems and difficulties of which you know nothing. In the long run, the fighter that concentrates upon the weakness of the foe is bound to win."



Ewing Galloway photo

The thrifty citizen can find ways of investing without gambling on a return

DOES it pay to be thrifty? Can thrift be made safe from loss and sure in results?

Of course thrift pays if it's safe and sure. Today, happily, there are available to all Americans a number of savings and investment opportunities as safe as the Government of the United States itself. No large sums are needed. The wage earner with only a trifling amount to lay aside each week or month has his choice of a variety of sound, protected savings programs. He runs no risk of loss, and he is assured that the fruits of his prudence will certainly be his on the financial sunny day he has worked and planned for. The Government will guarantee the safe return of his money.

Most prominent of the government-sponsored investment projects just now are the United States Defense Bonds of Series E, Series F, and Series G, each issued in five different denominations. The smallest, or Series E Defense Bond, is issued for a ten-year term, while the F and G bonds have a maturity of twelve years. The Series E Defense Bond is sold to the buyer for \$18.75 and is redeemed by the Government at the end of ten years for \$25.00. Similarly, \$37.50 increases to \$50.00; \$75.00 increases to \$100; \$375.00 increases to \$500.00; and \$750.00 increases to \$1000 in the ten-year period. The increase in value during the ten-year period figures out at an interest rate of 2.9 per cent a year, compounded

semiannually, but the bonds must be held for one year or more before one realizes any return on the investment. The yield during the first few years is lower than 2.9 per cent but accelerates during the latter part of the maturity period. If the holder of the bond is forced to "cash" it before the end of the ten years, he can get his money back from the Government any time after sixty days from the issue date of the bond, plus whatever return has accrued to him during the time he has held the bond. A table of such redemption values is printed on the face of the bond.

With these ten-year "increasing value" bonds a definite, annual income plan can be worked out. For example, a bond bought for \$75 in 1942 will mature at \$100 in 1952. Hence if \$75 be invested in such a bond each successive year beginning in 1942, the holder will receive an income of \$100 each year beginning in 1952. The "income" will of course be the matured value of each bond from year to year. The same idea can be worked out by buying a bond each month. At the end of the ten-year period the bonds will start to mature, one each month, at the increased value.

Those of us who must budget income and expenses closely may find it impossible to invest even \$18.75 at one time, though we might be able to squeeze out fifty cents or a dollar or so of savings each week. For such

Something

By

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG,
JR.

small but thrifty savers Uncle Sam has provided Defense Savings Stamps in denominations of 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$5.00. Such stamps may be mounted as bought on a card or album furnished by the Government without cost, and when the stamps total \$18.75 or a larger amount, they may be exchanged for one of the Defense Bonds. Defense Savings Stamps and Defense Bonds may be bought at most post offices, banks, and savings and loan associations. The bonds may also be obtained by writing directly to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C., or to any Federal Reserve Bank.

A citizen with a lump sum to invest may also buy Defense Bonds of Series G at full par value in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000 and \$10,000. The United States Treasury will pay him 2.5 per cent a year on his investment. This interest is paid semiannually. At the end of twelve years he gets back his principal. If desired, the Government will redeem the bond before that time in accordance with a schedule of redemption values printed on the bond.

To the citizen who does not want to invest in bonds but simply wishes to put his savings in a safe place at a fair rate of interest, the United States Postal Savings System offers an ideal solution. The Postal Savings System is really a Government savings bank operated through local post offices. An account may be started with as little as one dollar by anyone ten years of age or over. The depositor may withdraw all or part of his money, with interest, at any time. The Postal Savings System pays 2 per cent a year interest everywhere except in the State of New Jersey, where a legal requirement has compelled a reduction of interest to 1 per cent a year.

For a Sunny Day

Can You Invest Your Savings Profitably and Safely? The Author Answers This Question With Some Wise and Practical Suggestions

Postal savings accounts may be opened at any "depository" post office. A person living in a community whose post office does not handle postal savings accounts may open an account by mail at any "depository" post office. An application form for the purpose may be obtained at the local post office. If desired, Defense Savings Stamps may be used to open or add to a postal savings account.

Many banks and trust companies have savings departments, and if the particular bank is a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, each depositor's account is government-insured up to \$5000. Because of the difficulty of keeping funds invested at high rates of interest, many banks have had to reduce the interest paid on savings accounts, in some instances to 1 per cent and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This depends on the particular bank and to a large extent on local operating conditions.

Mutual savings banks are in a class by themselves. They do not do a general commercial business, but are restricted to savings accounts alone. They have no stockholders and, practically speaking, are owned by the depositors. They operate by investing the savings of their depositors conservatively, usually in sound securities and mortgages. In lieu of fixed interest on their money the depositors receive the actual earnings on the investments, less costs of operation and a deduction for a protective reserve against possible losses. In many such banks this works out at a net return of 3 per cent a year on deposits.

Today, some but not all mutual savings banks are affiliated with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, with government insurance on each depositor's account up to \$5000. Whether or not a particular mutual savings bank has this government

deposit protection is easily ascertained upon inquiry. In Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts, mutual savings banks are also authorized by law to write life insurance on what is practically a cost basis.

One of the most interesting thrift and investment plans developed and guaranteed by the Federal Government is that embodied in the so-called Federal savings and loan associations. The old-fashioned building and loan association, which in an earlier day was such an effective medium both of saving and home-buying for the ordinary wage earner, came to grief in many instances as a result of unwise investment practices and operating methods in the boom years. Yet in principle it is undeniably one of the best avenues for the investment of "poor man's capital" that has as yet been devised.

The Federal savings and loan association as sponsored by the Government today is in effect an old-time building and loan association with all the desirable, constructive features retained and all the weaknesses that might endanger its stability eliminated. Two classes of members have accounts with such an association: borrowers who have made mortgage loans from the association and are paying them off in monthly payments, and investors or savers who supply the funds with which the mortgage loans are made. The interest that the borrowers pay on their mortgage loans is the source of the earnings that accrue on the investors' or savers' money. It's worth

noting that the Government itself supplies capital for these associations by buying investment shares in them.

For the person with a lump sum of \$100 or a multiple thereof to invest, the Federal savings and loan association offers the investment share account on which dividends are paid in cash semiannually. That's the kind of share account the Government invests in. For the little-by-little saver, the savings share account is available. The savings share account is designed for the saving of any amount at regular or irregular intervals. Earnings on these accounts are compounded semiannually and allowed to accumulate with the account. The dividend rate of a Federal savings and loan association is not fixed because it depends upon earnings which vary according to locality and current business conditions. At present, many such associations are paying 3 per cent or better.

The owner of either a savings share account or an investment share account may get all or part of his money back, by applying to the association to "repurchase" his account either wholly or in part. If the amount involved is substantial, he may have to wait a little while to get



Harle and Ewing photo
Steve Vassilakos, White House peanut vendor, purchases Savings Stamps to sell with his usual wares

it. The "repurchase" value of an account is the full amount paid in by the member, plus all earnings credited thereon. In many associations a withdrawal of not more than \$100 may be made at practically any time on request.

A Federal savings and loan association is locally owned and locally managed. Its membership is made up of local people. The directors are elected by the votes of the members, each member being entitled to cast one vote for each \$100 in his account. The association gets its charter from the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which supervises and regulates its investments and methods of operation.

The Government not only protects the members' money in a Federal savings and loan association by this supervision, but insures each individual account up to \$5000 through the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. If an association should fail, the Government through this insurance corporation will make good each investor's money up to \$5000. Any person, even a minor, can have an account in a Federal savings and loan association.

For the father of a family or other person with dependents, the planning of any adequate financial program inevitably involves life insurance as a prime element. If he will leave no estate for the support of his dependents after his death, life insurance is the only practical means whereby he can protect them. At the same time, he would like to bolster his own financial security, particularly for his later years. What he wants is a financial program that will assure him of a twofold result: financial security if he lives and financial protection for his dependents after his demise.

That is the double-purpose program which the insurance companies have developed in the endowment policy. The father of a young family at the age of thirty, for example, buys an endowment policy for \$10,000 to run for twenty years. His obligation is to pay the insurance company a fixed sum called a "premium" each year for twenty years or up until his death if he dies before twenty years. In return the insurance company undertakes to pay \$10,000 to his widow if he dies before twenty years or to the man

himself if he lives out the twenty years. The twenty-year endowment is a popular form, but some companies will also write an endowment policy for ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years. Endowment policies are also written to mature at a fixed age of the insured, such as age 55, 60, or 65.

The endowment policy is a combination of insurance protection and saving. While the following out of other savings plans for a long period depends largely on the perseverance of the saver himself, the endowment policy exerts a certain moral compulsion upon him to the extent that the premiums on the policy represent definite obligations which he must meet at fixed times. When he pays the endowment policy premium he is automatically adding to his savings.

As with other forms of life insurance, the annual premium on an endowment policy depends on the age of the insured at the time he takes out the policy. Endowment at age 60 or 65 means that the insured gets the money when he reaches the age named, regardless of the age at which he took the policy. Under a 15-year or 20-year endowment he gets the money fifteen or twenty years after he takes the policy. Of course, under any of these forms his widow or other beneficiary gets the money if he dies before the expiration of the full time contemplated by the terms of the policy.

OF late years insurance companies have been impressed with the fact that a regular income may be of more importance to a man in his later years than a lump sum of money. To accomplish this, the companies have developed the so-called income or endowment income policy. In effect, the income policy is an endowment policy which pays its owner a regular monthly or annual income beginning at a fixed time instead of a lump sum. Thus a policy may pay a regular monthly or annual income of definite amount beginning, for example, when the insured reaches the age of fifty-five, sixty, or sixty-five years. In reality, he will then begin to collect in installments the proceeds of what is fundamentally an endowment policy. Some income policies limit the payment of the income to a fixed number of years, while others guarantee the income for life.

There is no governmental guarantee of policies or other transactions with life insurance companies. However, all life insurance companies are regulated and supervised by the insurance authorities of the States in which they operate, for the protection of policy-holders. Incidentally, it should be borne in mind that all endowment and income policies have a so-called cash surrender or loan value as soon as they have been in force long enough to build up a policy "reserve." Thus a policyholder, in emergency, can either give up his policy and get the cash surrender value or, without losing his insurance protection, borrow the "loan value" of the policy from the company. Usually, the cash surrender and loan values are printed in the policy; these values increase with the age of the policy.

The person who through savings and thrift has acquired a lump sum, faces a difficult problem when the time comes to invest the money to yield an income. Stocks and bonds, no matter how sound, cannot be wholly protected from the fluctuations of the financial markets. Government bonds and insured investment shares in Federal savings and loan associations offer what is perhaps the maximum of safety in the whole investment field.

To meet this problem of steady income the insurance companies offer annuity contracts. In its simplest form an annuity contract provides that a person at a given age pays a lump sum to an insurance company and in return the company agrees to pay him a stipulated income every year as long as he lives. When he dies the income dies with him, and the company keeps the lump sum he paid.

Another type of annuity contract provides that, while the investor will get the agreed income as long as he lives, payments for ten years are guaranteed if he should not live to get the income that long himself. The discounted value of the remaining payments to make a total of ten years is paid to his estate or beneficiary if he dies before ten years.

No longer need the thrifty citizen fear for the safety of his savings. Out of the several "safe and sure" financial programs designed expressly for him, he need only pick the one that best suits his convenience and circumstances. Now is the time to act.

Mexican Faith—And Hope

By CARLOS E. CASTAÑEDA

CROWDS gathered early around the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe last October 12. By nine o'clock thousands upon thousands filled the broad square before the church. Within, there was no standing room. All was bustle and excitement. In eager anticipation, the multitude awaited the event of the day. At last the roll of drums and the tramp of marching feet proclaimed the arrival of the guard of honor. A group of cadets from Chapultepec, the West Point of Mexico, led the procession, followed by high ranking members of the Army, fourth degree Knights of Columbus, Papal Knights, the diplomatic representatives of the Latin American republics, and the Bishops and Archbishops of Mexico, accompanied by the visiting hierarchy of Central America and the United States.

Not since 1895 had such a spectacle been witnessed. That year, in a solemn ceremony, the Virgin of Guadalupe, patroness of Mexico, was crowned queen of the Americas. The diplomatic corps attended in full dress; government officials, headed by President Díaz, participated; and a military guard of honor escorted the crown bearers. It was this very coronation which was being commemorated, after forty-six years. Significant indeed was this public celebration. Devout Mexicans had almost lost hope of ever seeing a public demonstration of faith and devotion such as this after the trying days of the Mexican Revolution, the persecutions of Calles, and the unexcusable excesses of Garrido Canabal in Tabasco.

Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles, as representative of the American hierarchy, pontificated, and Bishop Reyes y Oviedo of Matagalpa, Nicaragua, repre-

sented the hierarchy of Central and South America. Among the numerous visitors from the United States may be mentioned Bishop John Gannon of Erie and Hon. John Scott, K. S. G., of Los Angeles. At the conclusion of the Pontifical Mass, Archbishop Luis Maria Martínez of Mexico blessed the flags of the twenty Latin American Republics held by their respective diplomatic representatives. Once again the procession filed out of the church and, while the choir sang the Mexican national anthem, the twenty flags were raised in front of the church, where those of Canada, the United States, France, Holland, and England had previously been placed.

Such a celebration is particularly significant at this time. A year ago, it would have been impossible. A few years before, such a spectacle

would have occasioned a riot. Why the change? Here is a question that is difficult to answer satisfactorily. One can but enumerate the numerous factors that must be taken into account in order to understand what has taken place in the short space of one year.

When the great social and economic upheaval that overthrew the outworn regime of Díaz broke upon an astounded world, the religious issue was not the most important plank in the revolutionary program. But as interest in the agrarian and labor questions developed, and the need for a sweeping educational reform became evident, the religious issue grew in importance. By the time the constituent assembly met in Querétaro it had become one of the great issues.

The Constitution of 1917 clearly shows the effort of this assembly to restrict the activity of the Church primarily in the field of education. This effect led to hard feeling and misunderstandings which widened the breach between the liberal leaders of the revolution and the conservative reactionaries, as those who opposed the arbitrary measures to muzzle the Church were called. Recriminations led to reprisals, and the result was the passage of a series of regulatory acts that attacked the economic status of the Church, interfered in her internal organization, deprived her of all educational activities, and limited her liberties almost to the point of complete suppression.

The state governments, always anxious to court the favor of the federation, outdid each other in limiting the number of resident priests, imposing unbearable retribution for violations of laws so stringent that they could not be observed, and



Mexican Government Travel Bureau
Beautiful cathedral at Morelia in Mexico

in adopting measures calculated to drive out the clergy and deprive it of its property. Federal and state laws and courts conspired to eradicate the Church from politics, from the economic life of the country, and from society.

Persecutions, exile, imprisonment, martyrdom, all were endured with a patience and resignation incomprehensible to the people of this country. Thus the constant question asked by the average citizen of the United States: If ninety per cent of the Mexican people profess Catholicism, why do they tolerate such laws? The answer is simple. Because they are genuinely Catholic; because the only solution would be revolution, an appeal to force. Isolated groups rebelled sporadically in distant sections of the country, driven by despair. But be it said to their credit, the majority followed the leadership of the Church and refused to seek a remedy in violence.

While conditions grew worse, as the full program of social and economic reform was put into execution amidst succeeding upsets and incipient revolutions, the Catholics protested through legal channels and suffered the unjust accusation of inciting rebellion.

A Catholic could not secure government employment, obtain justice in the courts, or participate in official social functions. Few, if any, however, sacrificed principle for expediency; few, if any, sold their souls for a piece of bread. As usual, suffering and sacrifice enriched their faith. Men had been formalists in the observance of their religion. Outward or formal compliance had sufficed. They went to church on Sundays and feast days because it was fashionable and because they would see their friends there, but not because of a religious urge. They married in the Church, they were buried by the Church, but they seldom, if ever, frequented the Sacraments; and they were conscientious objectors to many of the practices and teachings of the Church. Today more men in Mexico are practical Catholics than ever before.

Cárdenas came to the presidency as a protégé of the iron man of the revolution. He proved untractable and soon rid himself and Mexico of Calles. Liberal and tolerant in many respects, his policy toward the Church was out and out antagonistic

and belligerent during his early administration. Toward the close, he modified his views and relented somewhat, but always reluctantly. Socialism was his fad and education his obsession. Through the schools, he would make the young into real socialists. Social education, a socialized program of education, was the solution to all the evils of Mexico, whatsoever such a program might be. He was never clear himself on this point.

To put his educational program into effect, the restrictions against church schools must be rigorously enforced. All children must attend state schools, all must undergo social training to fit them into the social State. As all reformers, he went to absurd extremes. Parents, teachers themselves, protested, but to no avail. New schools were built with federal aid, socialized text books were printed by the millions and distributed, teachers imbued with the social program were sent to remote regions, heavy penalties were imposed on parents who refused to send children to the new schools.

THEN one day another president was elected. Uneasiness prevailed. Talk of a revolution was general. The smoldering fires of resentment glowed bright. The country had stood enough in the name of reform, of the social state. Was the new president to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor and sponsor? Those who thought he would be as greatly surprised as those who had before expected Cárdenas to be the tool of Calles. The inaugural address of Ávila Camacho, in the presence of Vice-President Wallace, struck the note of his administration. "The time has come," he declared, "to follow a more sane policy." He has consistently opposed extreme measures. He has advocated a return to normalcy in politics, in economic reforms, in social legislation, in religious matters.

The celebration on October 12 last was the culmination of his policy in regard to the Church. But let us keep in mind that not a single law has been repealed; that the legislation concerning the Church, the clergy, and schools administered by religious orders or corporations remains the same; that the restrictions in regard to outdoor religious ceremonies, to the dress of the clergy, to

the number of resident priests, and to the property of religious communities are still in force.

When these facts are kept in mind, the significance of the celebration becomes greater and more complex. The participation of the diplomatic corps is an eloquent manifestation of the binding force which Catholicism represents in Latin American solidarity. The spontaneous and enthusiastic acclaim of the multitude shows how deeply ingrained is the attachment and faith of Mexicans for the cult of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

But let the Catholics in Mexico keep in mind that they are still treading on thin ice; that unless a constructive and sane program is adopted and is consistently carried out, this era of good feeling and the enjoyment of religious freedom may prove short-lived. The main issue has been and still is the question of the educational program. It may be well to state in unequivocal terms our position on this issue.

We must recognize the incontestable right, a duty as a matter of fact, of the State to maintain public schools. We must admit that the State, as representative of organized society, must insist on the education of the individual in order that he might become a useful citizen. But we must insist also that this right does not extend to the dictation by the State of the school the individual must attend.

Neither does the right to maintain schools at public expense deprive private individuals, corporations, or associations, whatever their religious beliefs may be, from operating educational institutions of whatever rank to which citizens may send their children if they so desire. We must likewise avow our condemnation of violence and civil strife, but maintain our belief in the right of protest and of peaceful assembly.

The celebration of October 12 was a beautiful demonstration of that harmony that should exist in Latin America between the Church and the State in keeping with their tradition. It showed that religious freedom is not dead south of the Rio Grande. It was a vivid portrayal of the American way of living, the spirit that should characterize the New World, where the right to worship according to the dictates of one's conscience is part of the fundamental law of the land.

THE DIVINE MAGNET

By

XAVIER WELCH, C. P.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." (St. John 12:32)

WE HAVE discussed, in an earlier article, the perpetual quest of mankind for knowledge and wisdom, and have seen how God has provided for that desire far beyond our expectations, or indeed even our natural possibilities. He has given us in Jesus Christ One who not only possesses the truth, but who is able to say, "I am the Truth," for He is the very Wisdom of God. But there is another craving in our nature. Just as our minds seek for knowledge, so do our wills seek constantly for the good.

We may easily be mistaken as to where goodness may be found. We may try to establish our final happiness in some partial created good. And then we sin, for nothing can be really good if it be chosen for itself apart from the Infinite Goodness which is God. Indeed, nothing short of God can ever ultimately satisfy the human heart. And He has made it easier for us to find Him and to be drawn to Him directly with less danger of enticement by the perishable attractions of this world. He has helped us in this way, too, and by the same means: through the same Jesus Christ, and the same Cross.

The goodness of God is focused, as it were, in the Cross of Jesus. The Divine goodness, it is true, is reflected everywhere. There is nothing which exists which was not made by Him; there is nothing, however humble, which does not in some manner reflect His perfections, if we would but see them there. But it is so easy for us not to see them, and to fall into the error of attempting to satisfy the longing of our hearts for goodness by means of these passing things which are no more than shadowy



Drawing by Mario Barberis

From the moment it was raised on the knoll of Calvary, the Cross has been the magnetic center of the world of souls

imitations of the Infinite Beauty. When the things of this world are used properly they may become stepping stones to their Creator, for they were made in order that, in the words of Holy Scripture, "by the greatness of the beauty, and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby." (Wisdom 13:5.)

But in our weakness and our blindness we are still apt to seek our end and our fulfillment in these perishable things. So God condescended to our weakness and gave us Jesus, that

we might see in Him more than a shadow and a reflection of God such as we see in creation. For, in the words of St. Paul, Jesus "is the Image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature. . . . He is before all, and by Him all things consist. . . . In Him it hath pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell." (Col. 1:15, 17, 19). In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead corporeally." (Col. 2:9). So would God draw us to Himself, but especially when He would be lifted up from the earth!

When God took to Himself a human nature, there appeared on earth a supreme and unique example of the union of God and man. In Jesus there is a real human nature, a real body, a real and living soul. He did not simply take upon Himself an *appearance*, as some of the early heretics thought. He could say to the Apostles even after His Resurrection: "See My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself; handle Me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me to have." (Luke 24). His birth was real; His actions were human actions insofar as they proceeded from His human nature; His death was a real separation of body and soul. Yet so closely is this manhood united with the Person of the Word of God that it exists by God's own existence. All men aspire, even without realizing it, to union with Infinite Goodness. We are drawn toward Him as iron filings are attracted by a magnet. But the highest possible union of the nature of man with God is manifested in Jesus Christ. In Him the human nature is so united to the Divine person that it has no human personality at all. So it came about that human lips could utter the ineffable truth: "I and the Father are One."

In this way, by the very fact of the Incarnation, Jesus Christ appeared on earth as the supreme Model of sanctity. Toward Him, as to a center, converged the whole creation in its restless movement back to God. As the portions of matter are drawn by the force of gravity, as the movements of earth and moon are governed by the sun's power, as the infinitesimal elements cohere in the composition of the atom, so in Jesus, as in an infinite ocean of grace and holiness, every virtuous aspiration of the human heart finds its object and its term. His grace became the model and the source of all human holiness.

Though we could never attain to that unique union through which His manhood exists in the Person of the Word of God, nevertheless, by sharing His grace, by being united with Him who has taken *our* nature, it becomes possible for us to participate in a wonderful manner in His divinity. "To as many as received Him He gave the power to become the sons of God," St. John writes; and again: "Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be.

SONNETS

By Sister Maris Stella

"Eternity—
A city that I wish I had not left."
—Ruth Pitter

*But even now I am glad that from that city
I too departed out of the clear light
into this dark land of horror and pity
where gladness is a rare flower by night
blooming; or it is a mocking bird
on winter mornings before daylight singing
in a bare sycamore; or it is a word
called over meadows by a child bringing
clover. But presently there is no sign
of a child; only a woman without voice
for calling walks among the stunted pine
and cedar at nightfall under incessant noise
of starling talk. I am glad now I departed
from that city. I shall return wiser-hearted.*

*Do not be afraid. Oh never be afraid
though cities fall and all of us must die:
all of us die, perhaps, tomorrow. The shade
of death lies dark upon us—we cannot fly
from it—but death is not so terrible as fear.
Shadow has lain before, and men have gone
bleeding into the dark; yet always clear
under the edge of dark light lies. And dark moves on.
Do not be afraid though there is so much we have lost
that we must find again. And we must find
how to search for it, learning the bitter cost
of finding light lost when the heart was blind
and, being darkness, did not comprehend
the Light that is the Beginning and the End.*

We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him; because we shall see Him as He is."

This is the destiny which God prepared for us. He had made us in His own image and likeness, but He intended for us a share in His own Divine Life, and He offers it to us through Jesus.

How did He manifest this truth to the world? Was He content with the fact of becoming man, unique as was this miracle? Did Jesus manifest God to man by visible proofs of glory? Yes. He healed the sick; He changed water to wine, and multiplied the loaves in the desert; He raised the dead to life, and was Him-

self to triumph over the grave. In the presence of three Apostles He was transfigured on the mountain where "His face did shine as the sun and His garments became as white as snow." By these miracles He showed His power and proved that He was what He claimed to be. By His Resurrection, especially, He asserted His Divinity and confirmed our faith. This was a fulfillment. But His chief work was done on Calvary. It was by the Cross that He would draw us: "lifted up, I will draw all things to Myself!"

Who would have thought that man could be so drawn? Beauty and magnificence appeal to us, and it is

written, "The Lord reigneth; He is apparelled in beauty"; the wonders of nature are but a poor metaphor for the aspect of Him who "dwelleth in light inaccessible"; who has "put on praise and beauty and (is) clothed with light as with a garment . . . who makes the clouds His chariot and walks upon the wings of the winds." But in His Passion He was divested even of His poor earthly garments, and His torn and bleeding Body presented to the eyes that gazed on Him a sight most wretched to behold. Already His humiliation had been foreseen in the vision of Isaias:

"There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness; and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him:

Despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity; and His look was as it were hidden and despised . . . and we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted." (Ch. 52: 2-4).

Would Jesus draw us thus?

Men are attracted by the prestige of influence and power. The glamour of high station and of noble dignity has an appeal even for those who would destroy it. Even the humblest and most obscure citizen feels a share in the honors and the glory which accrue to the great ones of his country. The man who has received the plaudits of the world, who is invested with the pomp of high station, is everywhere surrounded by an acclaiming mob, who vie with one another for the privilege of touching his hand, or even of catching a glimpse of him.

But Jesus Christ did not choose to draw us thus. He allowed Himself to be deprived of the last shred of human honor. He became for us an outcast and a reputed criminal. He listened to the mob howling for His Blood. Barabbas, the murderous bandit, was chosen in preference to Him. He was dragged and kicked and buffeted beyond the walls of Jerusalem. He was offered every possible kind of insult and nailed to a cross. Then He was lifted up upon that gibbet as a spectacle of warning and of horror. Was this the lifting up to which He was referring when He said, "I will draw all things to Myself?"

Who would have believed it? Yet the whole history of Christianity proves that it is true. When we consider the multitudes of the followers of Jesus throughout the ages we are reminded of the words of St. John in the Apocalypse: "And after this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb." What has assembled these great throngs? What has drawn them? Is it not the Crucified?

FROM the moment the Cross was raised on the knoll of Calvary, it began to exercise that divine magnetism which has endured and will endure while the world lasts. The very thief who hung on his own cross beside Jesus was touched by grace and drawn to Him in that hour of dereliction. This poor sinner perceived the meaning of Our Lord's Passion, and requested of Him whom the world had refused the right to live, the gift of life eternal: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom!" Many another among that crowd must have received the grace of conversion and of faith. Even the soldier who put the spear into His side to make sure that He was dead, exclaimed, "Indeed this was the Son of God!"

It was the Cross which the Apostles held aloft as they went through the world on their time-long mission: "We preach," they said, "Christ Crucified"; for the Cross is the very essence of the Gospel. It was the Cross which attracted souls in multitudes: those souls of good will who had been seeking God and found Him revealed to them in Jesus, and Him Crucified. It was through this force that the vast and complicated world of the Roman Empire was drained of paganism, so that the day was to come when Europe would be an organic unity, drawn into coherence and order by this powerful Magnet of God.

It has not ceased with time to be effective, for it is a Divine attraction. Though the faith of many has grown cold; though Europe has largely lapsed from the faith of Christ—and for that very reason is falling into chaos—the force itself is unspent. He still draws souls, with undiminished attraction. Even many whose faith had grown cold return at last to

that Cross which had never ceased to draw them.

The messengers of the Gospel still go forth into the highways and the byways of the earth carrying the Cross and thus bringing men to God. In the remote jungles of Africa they raise that sign, and hearts are moved and souls illuminated and men find that unknown God for whom their hearts had vaguely longed. In China, for instance, even now there is rising a new, strong, living Church, assembled and made living by this same dynamic power. In the depths of continents, as in the remote islands of the sea, Jesus lifted up, still draws to Himself all things.

There are many who resist that force; was He not to be "a sign that is to be contradicted"? Some, through that rebellious pride and wickedness which caused the bad angels to fall from Heaven, and our own race to fall in the beginning, still resist God, even though their very nature, in its profoundest depths, desires Him. They choose some lesser good, though everything ceases to be good, if it be chosen in separation from God. Such men are repelled by the Cross, even though, could they but subdue their pride, their hearts, too, would find repose and joy in it. Yet from those wooden beams still radiates through the earth the Divine force which at any moment may break down the resistance of the most obstinate of human wills. At any moment during life the Cross may draw them.

So we find a constant journey to Calvary on the part of men and women of every race and clime and social category. Some are converted in their youth; some in their old age; many, whether young or old, in the very last moments of their earthly pilgrimage. They have been given light to see the God of Glory concealed in the pain and shame of Calvary, and they have given Him their hearts, and found in Him the goal for which they were created, and which, in spite of all errors and aberrations, they had desired. Thus is the Cross raised, never to be taken down again, until His promise be fulfilled, and He has completed through it "that operation whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." (Phil. 3:31). He is lifted up above the earth; hanging on the Cross He has become the magnetic center of the world of souls.

THE WIDOW'S

A Short Story

(BY F. B. RUSSELL)

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR



The whale uptailed and sounded, and the flying line fed too sluggishly. The bow of the boat dipped perilously, and the stern rose high

WE COULD still take the first ship back," Peter Folger suggested. The sea was rough and the wind whipped a strand of light brown hair across his face. He flicked it back, his blue eyes turning west longingly. "There's good rich bottom land to be had beyond the Alleghenies, Elisha."

Elisha Folger was built on the same lean, brown lines as his older brother, but his hair was dark and crinkly-wild, and his blue eyes were wild too—not bad wild, but venture-some.

"We've folks on Nantucket," Elisha countered stubbornly. By his tone the subject had been argued before and hotly.

"If Gramp were alive," Peter said, "he'd birch the two of us for turning back. He wanted us to stay quit of the place."

"Times have changed since Gramp's day," Elisha asserted. "Whaling's safer nowadays." The eager wildness came back into his eyes even stronger. "I'd like to get back at a sperm for what one did to Pa," he said savagely. "I'd just like a chance!"

"That's like trying to lick a bolt of lightning that's struck someone you know dead, or beating your fists against a drowning sea," Peter thought, but he didn't speak out. It wouldn't have helped.

When they touched port there were two well-greased ships in the harbor, and excitement enough to make getting Elisha past the flurry all

DAUGHTER

the job Peter could handle. He got him up the hill at last to the white cottage where Aunt Joanna Hussey lived with her husband Will and her son Eben, who'd just come off a whaler. Eb looked at his cousins in their off-island, woodsy clothing, and a flicker of something came into his green eyes that made a man's quarrel between him and Peter.

"There's loft space," Aunt Joanna offered with a hospitality that dried quickly under the disapproval in Cousin Eb's eyes. "It'll be free to you awhile," she amended hastily.

"What you two aiming to do here?" Eb asked suspiciously.

"I'm fixing to be a whaler," Elisha boasted. "I'm going to get my first for the one that got Pa, and then I'm going to grow rich off the critters."

Eb's green eyes flickered again, with interest this time, and then he turned them full on Peter. "That speak for you too?"

Peter shook his head. "I aim to pick up a parcel of land and see what I can grow on it."

"A farmer!" Eb exclaimed.

"Farming's all right," Aunt Joanna cut in sharply.

"All right inland," Eb retorted, "or for them as don't aim to marry on Nantucket ever." He looked Peter up and down insolently. "Ever hear of 'The Widow's Daughter'?"

Peter's "no" was brittle and short.

"Nantucket women won't marry a man until he strikes his first whale," Eb said. "They don't consider he is a man till then. The pledgers call their group 'The Widow's Daughter'." He paused to

let the information take root. "I've struck three whales and lanced two," he boasted.

"Then you've no cause to fret," Peter said flatly. He closed his mouth then and let his thoughts dally back to a gray-eyed girl he'd seen in a baking shop in Boston town. Some day he might go back that way. Nantucket women didn't matter, nor Nantucket ways.

Elisha was down to see the whalers, come dawn every day, and Peter had his looks about the Island. He found a section with a house on it and moved into it what little he and Elisha owned.

"You can eat your meals with us," Aunt Joanna offered.

Peter thanked her and declined. "We've done for ourselves a long time," he said, "and we both can cook, though Elisha doesn't take to it."

She laughed. "He's like your father. He and Eb took off on a whaler this morning and they'll come back on a greasy ship. Eb always does. It's the Folger in him."

Peter's insides turned, and in his sick mind he could see Elisha broken and torn by one of the monsters, his life's blood staining momentarily the washing, lapping sea. That's the way it had been and that's the way it would be again. The thought made him too uneasy to want to be near people. Leaving his aunt's house, he climbed a far hill below which the blue waters stretched out with incredible calmness.

He listened a long time to the sound of the waves, and he didn't

hear the shuffling of small gravel, nor the swish of skirts. She was beside him before he knew it, her eyes large and dark, her hair dark too, and the color in her lips only a shade darker

than the color in her wind-burned cheeks. She smiled down at him.

"I didn't know I'd have company," she said. "I come here often to watch for ships." She caught her hand against her wind-blown skirts and smoothed them to her slim body. "I'm Anne Severance. I know your Cousin Eb well, and I've met your brother, Elisha."

Peter acknowledged her greeting and edged over. Anne Severance sat down beside him and was quiet. Her hair was brushed back in loose curls. A long black strand whipped across his face and he liked the fresh, sweet smell of it. He liked having this girl beside him. Quiet women were rare and worth considerable.

At sundown she rose, and beneath the soft blue-gray of her dress her stammel-red petticoat belled gaily. "A storm's gathering," she said. "I do wish Eb were back. I wish they hadn't gone."

That was all, except for the half-smile she gave him, and then she left with a switching of skirts. When she was gone, the darkness settled quickly, Peter thought. He closed his eyes and he could still hear her voice. "I do wish Eb were back," it said, and an unreasonable jealousy shook Peter. She'd been sitting beside him longing for Eb and then she'd gone down the hill, a swaying rhythm to her full red and gray skirts that was like music, somehow.

The pain of his jealousy deepened and Peter beat it back angrily. He wanted to get off this Island. As soon as Elisha came to his senses, they'd head west. Maybe they'd go through Boston town so he could talk again to the girl with the dove-soft eyes. It would be pleasant seeing her.

Appeased, he walked home, but the soft finger of the wind was a strand of black hair brushing his cheek, and he could still smell the fresh sweetness of it.

Peter didn't go up the hill the next day. For two months he didn't go, although part of him struggled one way and the rest of him struggled the other. Part of him had become as wild and unmanageable as

Whaling held no thrills for Peter.

He wanted a farm of his own, far away from the sea.

And then he met a dark-eyed Nantucket girl who had made the promise of "The Widow's Daughter"

Elisha, and that part had almost prompted him to go where he might see Anne again, when the door opened and Elisha swaggered in from his first voyage, his face wind burned and ruddy, a strong smell of the sea about him.

There was no stemming the tide of his excitement, and Peter listened stern-lipped and visualizing.

"I handled the stroke oar and tended the sheet of the mainsail that day," Elisha told him exultantly. "We took down the mast and sails and stowed the bundle aft. Then the boat steerer struck the whale and went aft, while Eb came forward for the kill."

Peter watched his brother's face without liking what he saw in it, but Elisha didn't notice. He tilted his chair back and crossed his brawny hands behind his head. "We fought that she-devil two hours, pulling, turning, and backing water until my head was swimming from it, and her snapping her jaws and missing us sometimes by less than a foot."

Peter could hear the snap of those jaws and he was sick-afraid. It was too close to death for Elisha. There was no call for him to be tampering so with danger.

"She fought, belty up," Elisha continued obliviously, "but once she turned to get her nose out of water, and like that," he added, snapping his fingers, "Eb's lance found the life and the brute floated dead!"

There was more talk of Eb's prowess and Eb's courage to which Peter listened gloweringly. He no longer mattered to Elisha. Eb had taken his place. He thought suddenly of a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, and the sting of jealousy grew sharper and more poignant.

"Anne Severance and her father were down to meet Eb," Elisha said, almost as though he could see into Peter's mind. "She's pretty—almost Spanish-pretty, like the girl we saw off the Spanish merchantman in Boston."

Peter said nothing. He stared into space moodily, and Elisha, ruffled suddenly by his brother's taciturn humor, strode from the house, slamming the door behind him.

He came back that night and they were brotherly once more, but Peter couldn't keep Elisha with him. Before two weeks were gone he was off again with Eb.

The day after they left, Peter climbed the Hill again. He climbed it because he couldn't help himself, and he found Anne Severance on its summit, waiting, her dark eyes scanning the sea.

"It's early to be looking for them back," Peter said jealously. "They only left yesterday."

"Other ships come in," she answered, and he had no retort for that.

EVERY afternoon Anne came up the Hill, her hair blowing soft, dark, and fine about her shoulders, and every afternoon Peter was there before her.

"I belong to 'The Widow's Daughter,'" she volunteered suddenly when talk had quieted between them. "All Nantucket women do."

"I've heard," Peter answered shortly, "and I'm out of kilter with the idea."

She gave him a startled glance. "I—we—no one knows how it started. Some say a widow's daughter turned away from her sweetheart because he was—afraid and from that day—"

"All men had to be whalers or cowards," Peter finished gruffly. "I'm not afraid, but I'm not going to do any whaling. I see no call for it."

A quarrel was growing between them. "Some men only strike one," Anne said, "to prove they can."

Peter thought about Eb and her and his mouth turned pale around the edges. "Don't see any call to prove anything," he said stiffly. "Cousin Eb has six or more. Isn't that enough for you?"

She rose to her feet then, her hands clenched, her black eyes angry. "What Eb has is no concern of mine," she cried out.

"I've heard it was," Peter countered. "I've heard you're promised to him."

"I've never told him so," she flared.

"But you've let him think," Peter answered.

"He may think what thoughts he wishes," she retorted. "I've put no ingredients into their making." She paused, the angry white of her face making her eyes blacker still, "But perhaps I should," she added. "Perhaps I shall!"

She was away again in a swirl of green and rose, and for a long time Peter sat alone. Far out, the low, bushy spout of a sperm whale at-

tracted his attention. He rose moodily, turned his back on the scene and went home.

He stayed away from the Hill then, and shut his eyes to Anne's comings and goings, while what he did and what he wanted to do played at tug-of-war within him.

Elisha was gone three months and he came back wearing his harpooner's peg with all the swagger and assurance of a veteran whaler. His hero-worship of Eb had brightened to the luminance of well-polished pewter.

"Anne was down to meet us," Elisha confided generously. "You should have been there, Peter. It was a real sight, let me tell you."

"I'll take good bottom land in preference to the sight of a cargo of whale oil," Peter said sharply. "I'm going west, Elisha, and you're going with me!"

Elisha rose to his feet. "I'm staying here!" he shouted. "You're afraid of whaling; that's what it is. Eb says so and he's right. You're a coward. I know it and everyone else knows it!"

"I am not a coward!" Peter asserted furiously.

Elisha's eyes were scornful and turning abruptly he strode from the house.

"I am not a coward!" Peter repeated, striking his fist on the table. A moment of doubt assailed him. How did he know? How could he tell? Gramp had fostered in him an aversion to the sea and perhaps the aversion was just another name for fear. Aimlessly he left the cottage and walked from place to place, scarcely noting where he went or whom he passed.

He didn't see Anne. He didn't see any of them or he'd have turned back before it was too late. She was with Elisha and Eb, and she hailed Peter as though they'd never quarreled upon the Hill.

For once Cousin Eb seemed glad to see him, and that was understandable in a moment. "When you going to get *your* whale, Cousin Peter?" Eb asked significantly. Men turned to stare at Peter and a girl tittered loudly. Anne didn't laugh. Without glancing up, Elisha walked away from the group so quickly that it seemed he had all he could do to keep from running.

Eb laughed and turned away too. "Come along, Anne," he said.

She hesitated briefly, crossed to where Peter stood alone and placed her hand lightly on his arm. The quick surge of joy that her nearness brought was quick to die. She had stood up for him in pity. Before Island men, Peter was a coward, and Island women had formed a league against such as he.

Peter didn't sleep that night, and the next day he was restless. Several times on the Hill he'd known that Anne Severance liked him, but his stubbornness or—his cowardice—had turned her away, turned her to Cousin Eb, who hadn't mattered to her at first. Now she'd marry Eb, no doubt, and the thought of Anne in Eb's arms turned Peter out of the house to walk his desperation out along the line of the shore. He tried to think about the girl with the

in his blood took hold of Peter. As bow oarsman he'd strike the whale, and Elisha would be there to see him do it. Anne would hear too, and maybe it would make a difference between them if it wasn't too late.

Anne was on hand with her father to see the whaler off, and when she set eyes on Peter her face went white. There were no words between them—no time for words.

In the first days of the voyage a slow wonder worked on Elisha. Shyly, at first, and boldly later, he gave Peter advice. Whenever the weather permitted, the ship hove to—a part of her sails placed so the wind would keep her from going ahead, and then the boats were lowered to teach new men how to row. Sometimes a log was allowed to drift at the end of a line so green-

charge of the line tub and pulled a heavy oar.

The huge creature white-watered vehemently. From her sleek sides a half-embedded lance stood out and there were other scars upon her, ugly scars. There was something deliberately sinister in the way she waited for them.

That same, long-dormant excitement took hold of Peter. They wouldn't be able to row too close, because she was ready for them, but he could pitchpole his harpoon with both hands and reach her well enough. He'd go aft then and watch Eb come forward for the lancing.

Resting the top end of the harpoon handle in the palm of his right hand and steadying the weapon with his left, Peter gave it a toss. With a high curve, the harpoon swerved and buried itself into the hitches of that watchful black mountain.

Fighter or not, the whale was momentarily gallied. In a short moment she uptailed and sounded, and the flying line fed too sluggishly. The bow of the boat dipped perilously, and the stern rose high. There was one moment when the lance might have found the life, but the moment passed without Eb using it. Clinging as best he could, Peter caught a quick, grim flash of Elisha feeding burning line, trying to ease the tension. The boy stumbled, was jerked off his feet, and in a split second his hurtling body struck Peter and they both went over, Peter clinging fiercely to Elisha and trying to loosen the murderous line. The whale had almost struck her depth when the accident happened, or the rope would have cut Elisha through. Now there was a slack moment in which Peter cut the line with his knife, and with Elisha's numbed body dragging against him fought through sunlit seas to the surface.

Gradually, feeling came back into Elisha's limbs, and he started swimming again, his strokes gaining slowly in power and evenness. There was no fear in his eyes, only a brightly burning anger, and when the ocean heaved a mighty wave over them, Elisha turned. "Don't let her draw you in, Peter," he yelled. "Stay in front where she can't see you!"

Gullet open and belly up, the whale came on. Like corks, Peter and Elisha bobbed ahead of her, but shifting and turning she caught

THE DARKNESS HOLDS YOU

By Sister Miriam, R.S.M.

*The darkness holds You, as a stem a flower,
Sole longed-for One, in dream before my sight,
Waking my spirit to divine delight,
If on my bed I have been mindful of You.*

*All beauty else becomes Your own but veiled,
All love, the darkness of extinguished flame,
And dawn, the melting music of Your name.*

dove-soft gray eyes in Boston town, but she no longer eased his torment.

His legs ached with walking and his head was weary with thinking when he found Captain Abishai Coffin in the cabin of his schooner, a grizzled finger tracing a course on a torn and dirtied map. The Captain grunted at his greeting.

"They say I'm a coward," Peter put it bluntly. "I want to ship with you and find out!"

Captain Coffin looked at him. "Your father wasn't afraid, nor is your brother." The old man's eyebrows were bushy white, his eyes sharp. "We're leaving tomorrow," he said, "and you'll take the bow oar on Eb Hussey's boat. Eb won't like it, but under him you'll find out what you want to know soon enough."

Something that had lain dormant

horns could learn to throw dummy harpoons at it.

Eb taunted Peter whenever he missed the floating black log, and a white heat glowed within him. He was a fool, playing a fool's game. It seemed worthwhile only when he thought of Anne, Elisha, and a thing he had to prove to himself now that doubt had assailed him.

They had reached the Gulf Stream, that deep river of blue flowing through the sea, when out of the calm the lookout's voice trumpeted, "There she breeches! There she breeches!"

Crews hurried to their boats—the Captain to the main crow's nest. When the ship was near enough he ordered the boats away. Eb took the steering oar, Peter the bow, and Elisha, forward of the stroke, had

sight of them. With powerful sweeps, she cut her flukes viciously, whipping the water to foam. Peter and Elisha both dived, came up near the small and dived again to avoid her lashes. Half-stunned once by a blow from her head, Elisha floated a moment helplessly. With a quick, rolling rush she was at him, and Peter, intercepting, pricked her nose with his knife. Maddened with pain, the creature turned, cutting Peter savagely across the leg.

Elisha, still weak from the blow, reached Peter's side. "Why doesn't—Eb lance her?" he gasped. "She turned over twice. He could—have!"

Pain and fury shook Peter and the fury gained momentum. Eb could have struck the life, but he hadn't. Eb was trying to get him killed and—if Elisha got killed too, apparently Eb didn't care. Peter turned toward the boat, his eyes dark with rage. His wavering strokes were a living anguish, but he kept swimming.

Eb's voice sang out over the roughed waters. "You're yellow, Peter Folger. You've run away—left Elisha to face her alone!"

Peter glanced over his shoulder. Elisha was not with him. Elisha had stayed behind and was battling unaided. Strong hands reached down to him and shortly Peter was out of the water, his face beaded with salt water and cold sweat, his lips gray.

With quick, harsh commands Eb sent his boat close to the threshing monster, but Peter was not satisfied.

"You could have ended this!" he accused.

"I couldn't reach the life," Eb denied hotly.

"You never tried," one of his men spat out.

Eb struck the fellow full in the face and blood spurted from the man's torn lip. In an instant, Peter, the icy sweat pouring from him, let Eb have it in the midriff. Caught off balance, Eb toppled backward and splashed overboard.

Taking the steering oar, Peter cut in closer still. Elisha was not in sight, and frantically Peter searched the turbulent waters.

Sensing a new antagonist, even before she saw them, the whale, belly

up and gullet open, turned. Hanging limply to the severed line Elisha hung close beside her, but not quite out of reach of her punishing flukes.

The crew turned the boat quickly to avoid her snapping jaws. She rushed them three times, and once Peter threw the lance, but missed. They pulled, turned, backed water till their arms ached, and then she turned over. With a quick throw of the lance, Peter tried again, and this time found the life. For a wild moment she thrashed spasmodically in a spuming red sea, and then lay still.

Peter seemed to be slipping, drifting, and he had a vague remembrance of a man being salvaged from the sea, of men scrimmaging aboard ship and one of them was always Eb. In the hazy blackness he couldn't find Elisha—couldn't find him at all.

HE WOKE up in a strange room with a feeling of detachment between his head and aching body that lay on a soft feather mattress. Abigail Severance sat beside him working on a cheese basket. She folded her hands in her white Holland apron when she saw he was awake.

"How do you feel now, Peter?" she asked.

"Beaten," he murmured. "Elisha! Did he—was he—"

"Elisha's fine," she said quickly, "except for the thrashing he took from her flukes. She was a wicked one."

Abigail Severance started gathering the bits of her work. "Elisha's still in bed. He says to tell you he'd like looking over some of that rich bottom land west of the Alleghanies soon's your leg will bear walking on. He says to tell you he's had his fill of whaling."

She kept smiling at him and Peter smiled back. She was Anne's mother and he wanted to ask for Anne, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Eb's left the Island," she volunteered from the door. "His own men testified against him. He won't be back, leastways not to this house ever. Anne doesn't want such for a friend."

She closed the door, and when it opened once more it was Anne who opened it. She sat down in the chair where her mother had sat and ran a needle in and out of a square of white linen.

"You might have been killed," she said.

Quick anger coursed through Peter. "I recollect," he said abruptly, "'Twas you who urged this on me."

"I!" she exclaimed.

"With your 'Widow's Daughter' and not looking at a man unless he'd struck his whale. With your turning against me first and your pity later," he said accusingly.

Anne still didn't look up. She bit a thread in two and tears rolled down her cheeks. "He—" she said falteringly, "Eb made me think you were a coward. He made—Elisha and others think so. It wasn't true. You're not that, Peter."

"You'd marry me then," Peter said, "if I'd stay on the Island and become a whaler?"

Her eyes lifted and he was startled at the black vehemence in them. "No!" she cried out. "I won't marry you—unless you take me—west of the Alleghanies with you."

He caught her hand, tried to pull her to him, but the effort was too much. Exhausted, he lay back, and Anne—Anne leaned over and kissed him quickly on the mouth. Her face flushed and she started for the door so abruptly that she upturned her basket of spools.

"Come back, Anne," Peter called. "You'll have to come back and pick them up, else your mother will know you kissed me, or let me kiss you, which is almost the same, or why would you fly off so untidily?"

Startled, Anne glanced at him over her shoulder, her lips parted. Slowly she came back. "I'd have returned anyhow," she half-whispered as she piled colored spools back into the basket. "I can't abide time without you, Peter."





The Church Unity Octave

By THEODORE PATRICK VERMILYE

Decoration by JOHN JEWELL

AT EACH offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, there comes a moment in which Our Lord, the Divine Victim of the Sacrifice, imparts Himself, in His Body and Blood, His Soul and Divinity, to priest and people in Holy Communion. Shortly before this act of love, the sacrificing priest, having repeated the "Our Father," appeals for mercy and peace to the "Lamb of God" who lies in sacrificial humility upon the altar. He then repeats the prayer for peace and unity: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto Thine Apostles, peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, regard not our sins but the faith of Thy Church, and deign to grant Her that peace and unity which are according to Thy holy will."

This prayer, placed between the Consecration and the Communion, evidently is considered by Holy Church to be highly important. Unity is a necessary element of the Mystical Body of Christ, the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, as are also order and peace. The very possibility of a living, functioning body is lost without these characteristics. The Church is the one body which lives and functions in the supreme sense because it alone is filled with the energizing life of Jesus Christ.

The unity of the Church and the peace of the Church are constantly prayed for in the Roman Rite. Even in the Eastern Rites, although these are now used by Christians who have forsaken their primitive allegiance to the Holy Apostolic See of Rome, the force of ancient tradition is so strong that a like stress on these factors is evident. Ancient

writings, Eastern and Western, are filled with quotations from the early liturgies which stress the importance of peace and unity. In the case of the Easterns, these quotations date from the centuries before their departure from Catholic unity.

Today, unity is actually demonstrated only in the Western Church and in those remnants of the Eastern Church which have remained in communion with the Pope, the divinely appointed center of unity. The remainder of humanity which calls itself "Christian"—the whole of Protestantism and the majority of the Eastern "Orthodox"—exhibits a condition of disunity and lack of peace which has brought it close to futility and frustration. It is in the Western Church, that portion of Christendom which has never wavered in its loyalty and devotion to the See of Unity, that we find the greatest stress laid upon the value of unity, both in the liturgy and in theology. The Popes, fully conscious of their God-given office as leaders, rulers, and definers, have enforced in practice what the official prayers of the Church ask for.

The habitual thought and manner of life of what is known as the "Roman Catholic Church" is attuned to unity. In the East, where unity with the Center of Unity has been forsaken, the prayers of the liturgy have ceased to express actuality. The East, retaining a dim memory of the primitive and essential unity of the whole Church throughout the world, thinks of the "Church of the Seven Councils" as the whole Church. The very evident disunity of the many independent bodies which comprise the Eastern

group, out of communion with each other, hurling anathemas at each other, demonstrates the falsity of their thesis. The thought and manner of life of the East, by reason of the curse of caesaropapism and a sad history under ambitious and warring Patriarchs, is attuned to disunity.

Protestantism, having lost sight of the basic ideas of the Mystical Body, vital sacramentalism, hierarchy, organization, order, authority, unity, and peace, has increasingly departed from any sense of solidarity, even of co-operation. It has set up the disruptive and subversive idea of individualism (private interpretation) as a worthy ideal. Its thought and manner of life are attuned, not only to disunity, but to the logical outcome of complete individualism: anarchy.

The present condition of the Christian world, except within the borders of the Catholic Church, is one of thoroughgoing disunity and lack of peace. It is at direct variance with the intention of Our Blessed Lord in His formation of the Apostolic College, under the supreme leadership of the Prince of the Apostles. It is directly opposed to the conditions of the Apostolic Church and to the state of Christendom before the Eastern Schism. It is the precise reverse of that which is prayed for by Holy Church in her liturgy.

Can we doubt that this disunity is most displeasing to the Holy Trinity, or that it has much to do with the seething unrest which has prevailed throughout the world for centuries? We may be sure that it is one of the factors which have caused the pres-

ent world war. Can we believe that peace in the world, love among nations, unity between diverse elements, can be restored until Christians are united among themselves and are able to present a united front to the unbelieving world? Our Lord prayed "That all may be one . . . that the world may believe." Only by echoing His prayer and by trying honestly to bring about the conditions intended by Him may we hope for a return to that peace and unity which we now lack.

Fortunately for the Church and for the world, there are some souls burning with apostolic zeal for the reunion of all Christians. One of the most prominent among these is the great Abbé Couturier of France, who has done much to spread devotion to the ideal of reunion in many lands, not only among Catholics but also among Protestants. In his voluminous writings upon the subject occur the following:

"One of the most interesting characteristics of the growing generation is its taste for reality and directness, sincerity and loyalty. . . . Men rediscover their common heritage of humanity and Christians their common heritage of Christianity. . . . It is a fact that Christians are separated; it is another fact that they long for unity. . . . If only there had been, since these divisions, a great, intense, and tireless expiation by humble prayer and penance! But hitherto there has been nothing universal, no new crusade wherein an innumerable band of the Faithful had taken the Cross for reunion, armed with prayer and penance and the humility of sin confessed. . . . But now, another fact, that of the Church Unity Octave, has come to light, the most interesting and the most widespread devotion in the cause of unity. . . . The Octave of Prayer from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth of January, begun by two clergymen in 1907, has been observed in recent years by at least 1500 Anglican clergymen, representing a vast number of their followers, by five Orthodox bishops and many Orthodox religious, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of Catholic bishops, priests, religious, and faithful who keep it, in all parts of the world."

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In 1907 two Episcopal Ministers, one American, the other English, co-

operated in the founding and promotion of an Octave of Prayer for the return of the entire Christian world to communion with the Holy, Apostolic See. They little thought that observance of the Octave would spread throughout the world, be blessed by three Popes, commended by hundreds of bishops and abbots, and gain the support, not only of Catholics in every land but of many Protestants.

This devotion, known sometimes as the Church Unity Octave, sometimes as the Chair of Peter Octave, has for its sole purpose the realization of the prayer of Our Lord: "That all may be one," and is observed each year from the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome (Jan. 18) to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25). The observance is widespread in the Catholic world, being noted in the Ordo and commended by the Bishops.

THE first fruits of the Octave proved to be the conversion and reception of one of its promoters, the Very Reverend Paul James Francis, founder and first Superior General of the Society of the Atonement, together with the friars and nuns of his then small and struggling community. Since the time of its entrance into the Church, the Franciscan Society of the Atonement has prospered. What was, in its Anglican days, a mere handful of men and women, has become a numerous company, spread over many lands. The Community has retained its devotion to the cause of unity and has been the means of bringing many hundreds of souls into the Church. The Father Founder once told the writer that he attributed the conversion of the community and of many other Protestants to the thousands of intercessions which have gone up during the annual observance of the Octave.

Annually, in many centers, the Octave is officially observed by priests and religious especially interested in the conversion of the non-Catholic world. This is notably true in New York City, where the Saint Paul Guild, under the able direction of the Reverend Joseph I. Malloy, C.S.P., sponsors the Octave. Mass is offered on each of the eight days for the special intention of the day, the return of some one indicated non-Catholic body to Catholic unity. In

the evening popular services are held, with sermons by prominent preachers, and attended in large numbers by Catholics and their Protestant friends. Every effort is made to appeal to the non-Catholics who are present.

Throughout the world, the Octave is kept on a smaller scale in many parishes and religious houses, and by thousands of scattered individuals who say the prayers at home, even though unable to attend public services. School children are urged to offer their prayers for the intentions of the Octave, as are the sick. Persons who observe the Octave are urged not only to say the prescribed prayers but also to perform acts of voluntary penance, such as fasting, with the intention that many souls outside the Church may be brought to the knowledge and love of the true Faith.

Catholics will be interested to learn that the observance of the Octave is widespread outside the Church. This is especially true of the Episcopal Church in America and of the Church of England. In 1935 and 1936 about 25 per cent of the 19,000 or 20,000 Anglican clergy in England and the United States signed pledges to pray and work for the return of the Anglican Communion to the Papal obedience. Within the past six years the Eastern Orthodox have begun to keep the Octave. Even more surprising is the news that the Octave is being observed by ever-increasing numbers of Continental Protestants. In several European countries Lutherans and Calvinists have joined in this great crusade of prayer.

This does not mean that these people have accepted the Faith, but it does indicate an awareness of the sin of disunity and a demonstration of good will toward Catholics and toward the ideal of Reunion. Who can tell what the results of this crusade may be? Who will dare deny that through the united prayers of disunited Christians the world over, the will of God as to unity will be consummated? Certainly Catholics should lead the way in this inspired devotion, in order that all men may at last be united in the communion of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, under its divine Head and His earthly Vicar. The emergencies of war add to rather than lessen this duty of charity.

Catholic Action in Peru

By

GEORGE WIDNEY

SINCE THE SIGN has inaugurated a crusade for "Spiritual Inter-Americanism," its readers will welcome a report on two schools established in the Republic of Peru by religious from the United States. The first, historically, is Villa Maria, conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. These religious are widely and favorably known in North America for their colleges: Immaculata at Immaculata, Pennsylvania; Marywood at Scranton, Pennsylvania; and Marygrove at Detroit. The first South American foundation of these Sisters took place at Miraflores, a beautiful suburb of Lima, capital of Peru.

The Sisters, who came to South America in December 1922, were among the pioneers of "Spiritual Pan-Americanism." Four in number, they set out with the blessing of His Eminence, Denis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, and were welcomed to Peru by His Excellency, Monsignor Emilio Lisson, Archbishop of Lima. A private home was leased for three years. During this period, Mother M. Cornelia Higgins worked zealously to provide a permanent site and building. Her labors and those of her companions were crowned with success when on March 21, 1926, Villa Maria Academy was dedicated in the presence of a host of dignitaries of Church and State.

The school has more than justified its promise. At present, the classrooms are filled to capacity. The best families of Lima are proud to send their daughters for instruction to this institution directed by United States nuns. Prior to the establishment of Villa Maria, girls of the aristocratic classes were flocking in increasing numbers to sectarian schools, where their traditional Catholic Faith was immediately jeopard-



Rev. Bernard Blemker, S.M., President of Colegio Santa Maria, and Rev. Sylvester Juergens, S.M., Provincial, discuss school plans with President Prado of Peru and two officials

ized. Now it is acknowledged that the most perfect education in English language and literature is imparted at the Immaculate Heart foundation in Miraflores. And every Peruvian girl of social position wishes to learn English as well as the mother tongue.

As Villa Maria Academy approaches its twentieth anniversary, the school is furnishing educational facilities for 450 students, ranging in age from 5 to 18. The faculty, a hand-picked elite, numbers 17 Sisters and 8 Peruvian teachers. Instruction is given in English except in those subjects, such as Peruvian history and geography, which by law must be taught in Spanish. Students and faculty members are inspired with a tremendous loyalty. This spirit is speedily imparted to parents, relatives, and friends.

It should not be imagined, however, that the American religious cater to the rich. The Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, soon after the foundation in Miraflores, collected funds for a school for poor children in the port of Callao, seven miles from Lima. The school is called Colegio San Antonio. Here, under conditions of

strain and poverty, the nuns have accomplished wonders for their tiny charges. Not only do they offer food for souls; the Sisters also provide nourishment for the bodies of their pupils. These youngsters, children of the dockers, stevedores, and laborers of the principal port of Peru, are among the most fervent Catholics of the Republic. The children, in turn, revivify the faith of their mothers and fathers.

It is sad to record that this school, an integral part of the Catholic social program in Peru, was completely destroyed by the recent earthquake. The effects of this disaster were much more serious in Callao, a town with flimsy houses and closer to the ocean, than in Lima with its more substantial buildings and distance from the sea. With a valor worthy of the New World, the Immaculate Heart Sisters resumed their teaching duties in an abandoned Church which was hastily adapted to school purposes. On May 22, 1941, a new school, erected on the site of the former building, was blessed by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Pedro Pascual Farfán, Archbishop of Lima. The Colegio San Antonio now has an enrollment of 270 pupils.

Encouraged by the success of their labors in Peru, the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary were able to open an academy in Santiago de Chile in March 1940. Thus is inaugurated another chapter in the history of "Spiritual Inter-Americanism."

The religious orders of men are likewise receiving splendid representation in South America. The Fathers and Brothers of Mary of Dayton, Ohio, responding to an invitation from the Archbishop of Lima, established the Colegio Santa Maria two and a half years ago. It is interesting to note that the inspiration for this move came from the Catholic laymen of Peru. Eager to give their sons an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the English language (without endangering their Catholic Faith in Protestant institutions), these fine leaders of Catholic Action guaranteed the buildings and funds necessary for the foundation. The Rev. Father Bernard J. Blemker, a youthful Marianist priest, is the Director of this Academy. His assistant Director is Brother Theodore Noll, S.M., whose rigorous letter on the true principles of inter-American policy appeared in the July issue of *THE SIGN*. Both these religious are leaders whose appeal to members of the younger generation of Peru is irresistible.

The Colegio Santa Maria started with 80 students. The enrollment in 1941 has more than doubled, 180 now attending regular classes. The Brothers of Mary, all with university and college degrees won in the United States, have the bulk of the teaching assignments. The courses which by law must be given in Spanish are undertaken by three Catholic Peruvian laymen. Plans for new buildings have been prepared and wait only for a wide canvass for funds to actuate the program. In the meantime, the institution is housed in a private residence. Sr. Alfredo Malatesta, Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, and Sr. Luis Rospigliosi, another militant Catholic leader, assured me that the opening of the Colegio Santa Maria provided one answer to a question that recurs again and again in Ibero-America: "What has the United States contributed to the culture of the world?"

Your reporter would now like to introduce the readers of *THE SIGN*

to Mr. Manuel Valle. This Catholic gentleman, although a Peruvian citizen, speaks English with a fluency worthy of a member of the House of Commons. No sooner had word of the Seminar to South America reached this Limeñan than he was entertaining our members in his home and on his various estates. He represents that rare combination: a scholar-farmer. Having studied advanced courses in Archeology at Princeton University, Manuel Valle returned to his native land determined to extend the domain of knowledge of early colonial art. For the past five years, he has labored day and night upon the compilation of a volume on ancient textile patterns and colors. Experts in the Peruvian museums as well as those in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City are co-operating to produce a \$25,000 study, rivaling anything of its kind in the world. At the same time, Mr. Valle, with the sure instinct of a Catholic who has assimilated the lessons both of the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII and the *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pius XI, is developing a program of

months to workers who, without notice, are severed from employment, Mr. Valle declared: "This legislation may appear to favor the laborer. In fact, it hardly does him justice. What a crisis of body and soul is provoked in the case of the head of a family who is suddenly thrown upon his own resources! He has nothing but the labor of his hands. Where is he to turn for subsistence? What must be his anxiety as long as he realizes that the next dawn may herald the first day of a long interval of starvation or semi-starvation? Is not the producer worthy of maintenance until he gets another job? Far from amending this legislation in a negative sense, I would be in favor of extending its benefits. To my mind, the law should be more liberal. There is not a labor provision in the Republic that I would not expand in its application. On my *hacienda*, we educate the workers with respect to their rights under the law. As a result, every head of a family knows what protection he enjoys. The moment a farmer suffers the slightest diminution of his position, he can appeal to the Ministry



Sisters Regina Marie, Rosemary, Laurine, and Raymunda, at Villa Maria Academy

social reconstruction on his *haciendas* which many North Americans think has elements of hope for the future of the land problem in South America.

Manuel Valle approaches his study of the *hacienda* situation with the assumption that every family deserves a decent living and that labor legislation is not only useful, but indispensable. Explaining the provisions of Peruvian law, which require continued weekly payments for three

of Social Provision and Public Works. Lawyers are designated to present his case. The complaint receives prompt hearing and adjustment. This is the way it should be!"

The day on which we visited the *hacienda* was concluded with a gorgeous sunset. Gazing across the black earth and green meadows, we could see the grim ruins of Pachacamac, where in ancient times the sun was an object of adoration. In the foreground, in contrast to the

shreds of an outmoded cult, were the neat rows of houses for the farm workers on the *hacienda Buena Vista*. Each home was commodious, sanitary, modern. Home-cooked meals were on the fire. Bonuses and commissions were being distributed in commemoration of the national holidays. Manuel Valle in person circulated among the farming folk, handing out cakes, candy, wine, bread, and toys. Two young mothers received complete layettes for their babies. Another, who was expecting a child, was accorded specially prepared milk and cream. Men, women, and children were gentle, courteous, cordial. When Mr. Valle announced that additional strips of land would be allotted to each head of a family, his words were greeted with quiet enthusiasm. The air of festivity reigned supreme. A young Jewish girl from Hartford, Connecticut, and a Protestant graduate of Princeton declared that they had witnessed "no more cheering scene during their visit to Peru."

In this connection, it should be mentioned that the expectant mothers on this and other nearby *haciendas* receive expert attention at the hands of physicians dispatched from Lima by the staff of the *Hospital Obrero*, the Workingman's Hospital of the Province of Lima.

This medical center deserves special treatment. It represents another dramatic application of Catholic Action principles. In fact, this institution owes its origin and development to two Catholic laymen: Señor Edgardo Rebagliati and Dr. Guillermo Almenara. The whole inspiration and thought aim to provide the finest medical, surgical, dental, and clinical care for manual workers, whether these are engaged in farming or manufacturing. The *Hospital Obrero*, although naturally the largest in the Republic, is the prototype of twelve others situated at strategic places in the coastal, sierra, and jungle regions.

The Worker's Hospital in Lima faces the Medical School of the University of San Marcos. Five stories high, constructed in six sections, this modern miracle of health is surrounded by stately royal palms and tropical shrubbery. The green lawns are beautifully landscaped and trimmed. A spacious lobby with a bust of General Oscar Benavides, former President of the Republic,

branches right and left to the administrative offices and out-patient dispensaries. One thousand members of workingmen's families throng through this lobby every day. Moreover, there are facilities for the accommodation of 650 patients in private rooms and wards. These figures are sufficient to suggest what is apparent at first glance in the *Hospital Obrero*, namely, that it is a workers' hospital that works. Every office, each ward, dispensary and kitchen teems with activity. The hospital runs in high gear.

THE FRONT of the institution houses the emergency clinics and operating rooms. Five suites are set aside for dental work, which goes on from eight in the morning until nine in the evening. Laboratories for high-speed testing are likewise situated in this wing. There are rooms for 109 students and 45 registered nurses. A splendidly equipped gymnasium and motion-picture theater is provided for nurses and patients. There are 8 interns and 4 resident physicians, besides 12 city doctors who are available in case of need. The latter serve on a voluntary, gratuitous basis.

The principal wards are in the second, third, and fourth sections. The last-named is segregated, since it is intended for the exclusive use of tubercular patients. The second section specializes in medical, the third in surgical cases. Six operating halls are equipped with the best American, German, and Italian material. Many of the surgical instruments were imported from Germany. The same applies to fluoroscopic machines, which were three times as cheap in Europe as in the United States. A New York concern, however, supplied the hospital architects and engineers.

The maternity ward, as in many U. S. hospitals, has an independent power plant. The nurses in this department receive special training. One nurse takes care of four patients. Each nurse in turn is helped by six auxiliaries. The entire nursing division is under the supervision of Sisters of the Sacred Heart. These nuns, 21 in number, have their separate quarters near the hospital chapel, which, though plain, is in keeping with the severe architectural design of the entire plant.

The social feature of the institu-

tion is, of course, most important. The hospital is a federal project, subsidized by the national government, with some portion of the revenues for its support derived from both employers and employees. The Republic of Peru advanced 11 million *soles* (about two million dollars) for the building. The upkeep is defrayed by contributions on the following scale:

The worker contributes each month one and one-half per cent of his wage; the employer contributes three and one-half per cent of his payroll; ten per cent of this total is paid by the State, while lotteries contribute a like sum.

A noteworthy feature of the plan is that the worker's salary continues for the initial 12-day period of his illness or incapacity, provided that the condition is certified by the examining physicians. Further extensions are allowed, in case of serious disability. Fifty per cent of the salary is contributed by funds of the hospital itself. In this way, the character of the examining service is tied closely into the general economy of the institution. The balance of the disabled worker's wage is contributed by funds of the government. Obviously, this constitutes a drain on the exchequer, but up to the present the number of laborers restored to health and service is believed to have offset this financial loss. In fine, the program must be judged by its long-term gains in personal happiness for the worker, security for his family and a longer producing career for the benefit of the commonwealth. These are postulates of the social order widely recognized as sound in Peru.

Enough has been said to indicate that the Peruvian Republic, contrary to the general impression in North America, is not stagnating in the dust of feudal times. Doubtless, there are numerous problems in the social and economic order which remain to plague the authorities and the people. But there is an awareness of social obligation, springing from the spiritual nature of the worker and instinct with the supernatural resourcefulness of Christian culture, powerful enough to permit the maintenance and development of health, educational, and farming programs that promise very much for the immediate future. And they are working well today!

THE PASSIONISTS

A DONKEY'S WAY

By

LEONARD AMRHEIN, C.P.



A watch tower on the city wall, seen from a nearby bridge



Our party looking over the mountain into Manchukuo

THE Greeks might "have a word for it" but the Chinese have a way of doing it. In fact, they have many ways of doing everything.

This is especially true of the variety of Chinese conveyances. These people are ingenious in their methods of carrying things. It is amusing to watch the procession of vehicles that passes along the streets of Peking. Of course, there isn't anything extraordinary about the automobiles and trolleys, except that they travel on the left side of the street, and that the trolleys look like old-fashioned green box-cars with windows. There are jaunting rickshas with their human burden, or piles of boxes and bags. The latest in rickshas, believe

it or not, are those pulled by bicycles.

Long strings of bored-looking camels, kept in line by a rope from the tail of one to the nose of another, swing along with their bulky burdens, tinny bells clanking from their necks. Men balancing heavy baskets on the ends of bamboo shoulder-poles shuffle along, keeping step with their swaying loads. Carts of every description—man or donkey drawn, and sometimes both—rumble along on great wooden wheels.

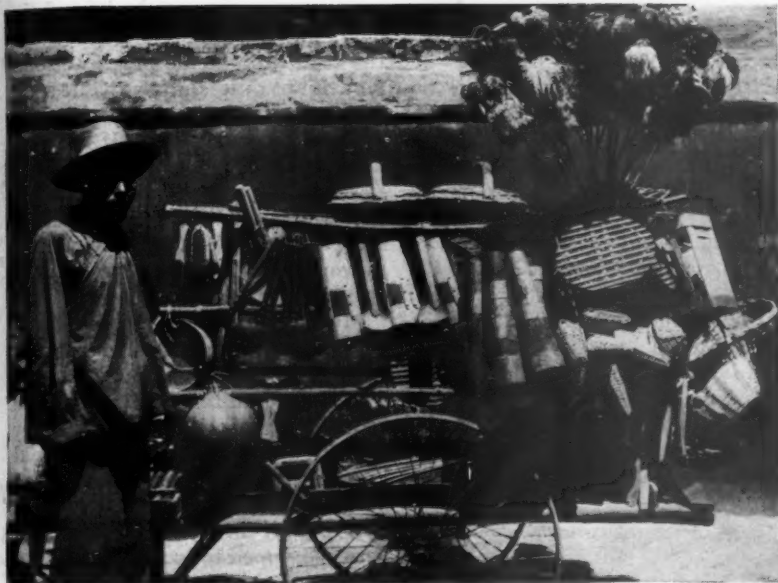
Even an occasional bull does his bit, helping a donkey with a cart. A water wheelbarrow with long tubs of water on each side of its huge squeaky wheel; the under part of a baby carriage with a block of ice on

it, pulled by a rope; bicycles, with or without trailers; one lad pulling a block of ice along the ground with his bike, another with a baby carriage in tow—all these are part of the parade.

But of all these, the donkeys are the most interesting to me. For some reason or other they always seem out of place. Perhaps it is because they are so small—about the size of a small pony—so meek and docile looking and their loads so big and heavy. The first time I saw them, I didn't know whether to be amused or feel sorry for them. Usually two are hitched to a load, one in front of the other. But the leading donkey's traces are generally slack, leaving the burden of the load to the second of the two. Sometimes one will let out the most mournful bray, which sounds as if he swallowed a fish-horn and was trying to cough it up. When one starts, others soon join, either in protest or sympathy. I used to think they must have raided a green apple orchard and had stomach-aches. But they couldn't be doing this all the time. Then again, they bray even when green apples are out of season. Someone told me it was the donkey's love call. So maybe that explains it.

I always wanted to ride a donkey. I could picture myself astraddle one of these little creatures, my feet dragging on the ground. As time went on, I had many occasions to see lanky

IN CHINA



Everything for the housewife—sieves, shopping-baskets, brushes, and brooms

Lubinaki

persons mounted on these dwarfed animals, and well imagined how I would look. If they used the stirrups, which were too small for a man of small stature, their knees were on a level with the donkey's shoulders. If they let their feet hang, they almost reached the ground.

My opportunity came when we took a trip to Shanhaikuan, where the Great Wall reaches the sea. At the railroad station, we found the usual line of ricksha men, all insisting that we hire them. Also a string of donkey-men, equally anxious for fares. After much arguing and cutting of prices, we finally agreed with the latter for ten donkeys, at two dollars a day per animal.

I am sure the people of the town must have marked that day as "the day of the big laugh." I'll never forget that trip through their crowded streets. We had to go in single file because of the crowd. We were decked out in summer whites, sun helmets, and sun glasses. The donkeys—brown, gray, black, or a mixture of all colors—added to the comedy. Everything was out of proportion: donkeys with ears too large, riders with legs too long.

Perhaps the donkeys looked like some strange new beasts with six legs. Whatever the reason, the people stopped and stared at the procession as it passed by. Some hurried into their houses to tell the rest of the



Camels are an ordinary sight on the streets and alleys of Peking

family that the circus was in town. Dogs barked. Children pointed at our funny big noses, while others just cried. Everybody had something to say about the foreigners, and every remark must have been a joke, because they all laughed.

It wasn't until we finally emerged from the crowd, that I had a chance to think about my donkey. But he soon gave me to understand that he was his own boss. He ran, jumped, stopped, kicked, just when he felt like it. No persuasion or coaxing on my part could change his mind. The more I "whoaed," the faster he went. However, before the day ended, I learned that, like everything else, the Chinese donkey language is the opposite to the American. The word

that these donkeys understand for "go" is "joa" sounding very much like our "whoa." The word for "stop" is "ee," much like "gee." I was telling my donkey to "whoa." Perhaps he thought my pronunciation was a bit off. Anyhow, that word meant only one thing to him and he was doing it the best he knew how. He seemed to get a devilish delight out of dashing for the lowest part of archways and making me duck my head.

The only ones who had any influence on him were the donkey guides. When he wanted to go straight, they shouted something from behind, and he immediately turned left. They used this remote control several times during the day, and to my complete astonishment the

donkey always made the correct turns.

It was with a sigh of relief that we passed under the last arch of the city wall and headed across the open country. But there was more trouble ahead.

One whiff of that country air in my donkey's nostrils and he dashed off along the road. There was no stopping or checking him, until he had passed the leader. Then, with an air of satisfaction, he pricked his ears, pranced a few times, slowed down and stopped. It was then that I did a foolish thing. I got off. When I tried to remount, my donkey objected. When I put one foot in the stirrup, he started to walk in circles. I still don't know how I got back in the saddle.

Everything went well until we began to climb. We started by stepping on a rock about two feet high. The donkey was half way up, when I felt my blanket-saddle slip. There was nothing to hold on to, so down I went over the animal's hind legs—saddle, stirrups and all. I don't know who was more frightened, the donkey or myself. He didn't know what happened to me. This was a new way to dismount. He froze in his tracks. I expected him to start kicking, so I got out of the danger zone as quickly as possible. By the time he realized what had happened, the men had him re-saddled and myself on his back again. This incident must have hurt his pride. He didn't try any more of his tricks. It was a good thing for me that he didn't.

The entire climb was full of thrills. In some places there was only about eight inches of level ground to walk on. At other places, the path—a layer of rough slanting rock—sloped out to the edge of the cliff. While we closed our eyes and held our breath, expecting to do a high dive, the donkeys kept plodding on. One misstep and—I hate to think what would have happened. Sometimes the trail was so steep we had to lie flat on our stomachs to keep from toppling backward. If my saddle slipped off at one of these places, I would still be rolling. After zigzagging for some time, going higher and higher with every turn, we finally reached the top. The donkeys were none the worse for the wear.

The thought that we had to descend by the same tortuous trail gave me a cool sensation in the region of the backbone. But the other men seemed to be hiding their feelings about the matter, so I tried to forget it. If it wasn't for "losing face" I would have preferred to walk down the mountain.

We ate our lunch at an old temple, and then spent a few hours climbing around the mountain. There was a fine view from the top. We could see for miles into Manchukuo, along the North China Sea coast, and out to sea. On one side there was a deep canyon. Far below was a river bed which was dry at this season of the year. On the other side, the Great Wall of China, coming in from the seashore about six miles away, twisted and turned and snaked its way up the mountain side—up to the very peak, then down the other side and

up another slope—to be lost over the top of the highest point. Where we were, the Great Wall was a mass of ruins, but still a lasting monument over 2,000 years old, to a once great people.

It is thrilling to stand on this Wonder of the World and recall some of the facts about it. It is about forty feet high, about twenty-five feet wide at its base and about fifteen at its top. It winds in and out of valleys and over mountains and passes, sometimes at a height of 4,000 feet. The main line of the Wall is about 1,700 miles long. But if all the arms and loops are considered, its total length is about 2,500 miles.

The mass of the Wall is heavily



Fr. Leonard tries out a mule

tamped dirt, faced on both sides with brick and stone. About every quarter of a mile there is a bastion or a signal tower. It is said that a signal from any part of the Great Wall could be received at Peking in a day's time. A million men are supposed to have died in the construction of the Great Wall and their corpses were simply thrown into the embankment. Hence it is called "the longest cemetery in the world."

After amusing ourselves for a while by rolling rocks down the steep mountain side, we decided we had better start down ourselves. We were well rested now and ready for anything our donkeys had in store for us. We had plenty to think about.

On the way up, we had faced the mountain and didn't notice too much the great drop beside which we rode. Now it was quite different. The steep mountain side was always in front of us, a constant threat. If the donkeys swerved from the very narrow trail at any of the sharp turns, donkeys and riders alike would take a short cut to the bottom. Now we had to lean back so as not to go over the animals' heads.

My little pet still had one more trick for me. He suddenly turned off the main trail and down another path. I checked him and would have brought him back, but the donkey boy shouted that the path would lead to the main one. All went well until we came to the main trail. It was almost three feet below. The donkey stopped to look over the situation. Then, without a warning, he jumped. I must have had my legs completely around him, and locked underneath. Anyhow, I stayed with him and we went off together.

The foot of the mountain was reached in safety. All of us were thankful. For most of us it had been our first trip on a donkey. We didn't do so badly. Two Fathers went over their animals' heads, and suffered bruised elbows. I went over my donkey's tail, and got only a good scare. The trip proved two things to me: first, that one can put full confidence in a donkey on a mountain trail; secondly, I don't have to worry about heart failure.

Although there is some irregular bus service in our future mission field of northwestern Hunan, a little experience in riding may be useful to us. There are still many trails in our mountainous Vicariate which have never seen—and may never see—an automobile. Only on foot or by mule shall we be able to negotiate those steep paths.

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The above account, and the one following by Father Aloysius O'Malley, C.P., were sent to us some time before the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the United States. As we go to press we still have no definite information about the six Passionist Fathers who have been attending the Language School in Peking. We ask a prayerful remembrance for these missionaries and for our priests and Sisters in Hunan—now cut off from contact with the rest of the world.

Ramparts of Peking

By ALOYSIUS
O'MALLEY, C.P.

FOR centuries men have marvelled at China's Great Wall and I cannot blame them. It is a sight worthy of the wonder it provokes. Two thousand miles of masonry, piled wide and high, wind a twisted course over plain and mountain. As a monument to man's mighty energy and perseverance, the Great Wall stands colossal. True it is that time has claimed its toll, and today this Wonder wears the signs of age, but it wears them well.

Among the many who have gazed in awe at this magnificent monument, there have been some who were stirred to tell its glory. So I will leave it to those whose pens were equal to the task. I am more inclined to speak of other walls. Perhaps it is because they have attracted my attention so much of late that I think them worthy of description.

If you could come and climb Coal Hill and take a look, you would agree with me. This famed Mei Shan is the spot within the Imperial grounds from where China's Emperors viewed the surrounding plain which is picturesque Peking. It is a splendid sight, rich in beauty and grandeur. But, to me, that which stands out most predominantly is the labyrinth of walls below. There are straight and sturdy ones, crooked and clumsy ones. Some form circles and others make squares, while others seem to wander aimlessly in all directions. You would appreciate this labyrinth more if you journeyed through the city.

Most of the streets of Peking are lined on both sides with huge walls, and practically every piece of property is hidden behind forbidding barriers of stone and mortar. No spreading lawn or decorative garden delights the eye of the man who passes through the residential district here. Indeed, were it not for the



The author gathers some neighborhood children in front of a garden wall

brightly painted wooden doors that mark an entrance to inner courts, he would not have so much as a hint that the district is residential. White or gray painted, drab, twelve-foot walls tell nothing of the things that are behind them. I must admit, however, that they do arouse one's curiosity!

Blank walls, I have found out, make effectual dead-end streets. The first time I made this discovery was funny—at least somebody thought it was. I was hurrying home on my bicycle one day when I came to a strange *hutung*, or alley. The idea struck me that it would be a short cut, so I turned off the main road and sped along between the walls. It was a very narrow alley with twists and turns galore. After ten minutes or so, I began to wonder if it was a short cut, after all. Then I met a man. He stared at me, smiled a big smile, bowed and said something in Chinese.

Bidding me the time of day, thought I. So I returned the gracious grin and the big bow, and pedalled away. Well, I passed the man again a few minutes later as I was heading back in the direction I had come.

This time he wasn't smiling; he was roaring with laughter; and I can't be sure, but I think he was saying: "Stupid, I told you there was a blank wall down there!" Now, I could tell him where there are others!

It has been said that walls have ears. I have often thought that it would be nice if walls had tongues. (Think of the racket in Peking!) What a wealth of history they could tell us! Some could boast of enclosing beautiful gardens with sunken pools and palatial homes, while other walls could mention only misery, hardship, and poverty. What a story of heroism the walls that surround the Pei T'ang Cathedral could narrate—walls that saw the siege and slaughter of the Boxer Rebellion. And if the City Walls could relate their glowing tale of battle and conquest! But alas, they stand only as silent witnesses to the past!

Walls are indeed an important factor in every home, but judging from the number of walls that enclose the houses of Peking, I think the Chinese seek a sense of security as well as shelter behind the walls of their homes. And I can tell you that living in such a dwelling does beget a cer-

tain sense of protective seclusion. One can thus easily disregard the distractions of street happenings; but then, on the other hand, one cannot wave to a passing friend.

The city of Peking itself is bounded on all sides by walls, huge ones fifty feet high and almost as thick as they are high. These city walls were built nearly five centuries ago. They may stand for centuries to come. Carl Crow comments that the whole history of China is told by the bricks and stones and plaster walls of Peking.

And now for a look at the walls within these walls. In the heart of the city, a pink-plastered, twenty-foot wall squares a two-mile area which is called the Imperial City. In the center of this inner city, and surrounded by its own reddish-pink walls, is the still more exclusive Forbidden City, with its palaces and royal residences of old.

From this ancient center, proceed to the north or to the south, to the east or to the west—but watch the walls! Peking's public parks and her private estates, her seats of learning and her squalid hovels, as well as her vacant lots and her houses of correction are fronted and backed

and sided by walls. Some are not as pretentious as others. Many have given up their pretense at protection and have fallen into mere piles of stone.

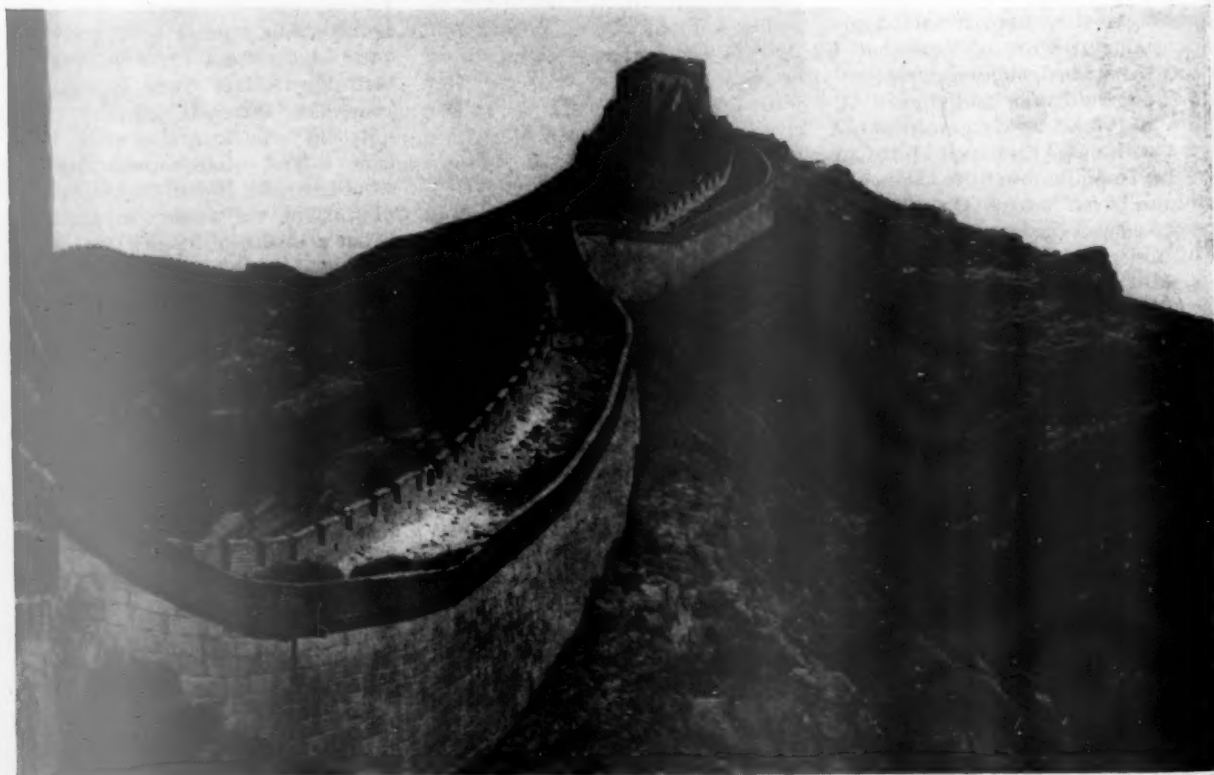
Early one morning, a few weeks ago, I passed a group of workmen who were engaged in the construction of a wall. The trench had been dug, and they were ready to lay the foundation. I watched them for a few minutes, and then I had to be on my way to school. At noon I was much surprised at the progress made. The wall was nearly four feet high. On my way back to school in the afternoon, I noticed that the wall had grown some more. I decided to take a good look at the construction when class was over. And so, in due time, I returned to the scene of operations. The job was not yet finished, there was a guide-line still stretched in position, and a few tools were lying here and there. The laborers were off in a huddle, drinking tea.

I proceeded to inspect the masterpiece. No, I didn't knock it over, but I deemed it prudent not to test it. I was satisfied that it was straight and stuck together. Then I went home. Well, it rained that night. Imagine my astonishment the next

morning, when I looked for that brand-new six-foot wall and saw no wall at all! I was reminded of Our Lord's parable concerning houses built upon sand. Here was an example I could use in my sermons.

Thus far I have spoken only of material walls. But there are other walls not made of brick and stone and plaster. Barriers that stand so high in the path of the missionary as do paganism and ignorance, might well be classed with the Walls of China. The road to the hearts and minds of a people steeped in superstition and surrounded by pagan practices is not without its walls. A language that is strange to us also rises like a rampart which we must scale.

"Teach ye all nations," was Christ's commission. For nineteen hundred years His Church has been conquering all obstacles standing in the way of Light and Truth. What matter if the apostles of today do encounter difficulties? Pagan philosophies must be supplanted, languages must be mastered, sufferings must be endured, and lives must be sacrificed. But have we not a pledge that the gates of Hell shall not prevail? The Gospel will not be barred by any walls.



Wearing the signs of age, China's Great Wall still stands as one of the world's wonders

Lubinski



The Old Retainer ..

By Enid
Dinnis.

THE lawyer who had informed Charlie Penegerton of his unexpected inheritance had told him that he would find Penegerton Place in charge of Mr. James Henderson, the butler, an old and valued family retainer. That was one of the reasons why Charlie wished that he had his fiancée with him when he went to visit the home of his ancestors which had passed quite unexpectedly to the Canadian branch of the family. Val could have tackled any situation, and she would have taken an old and respected family retainer in her stride. He was glad that she had elected to become a rancher's wife before the news came along which had, so to speak, completed a romance starting with love at first sight. The late Sir Roger had died while Charlie was in England. He had been hardly aware of his old cousin's existence.

He walked up the drive and rang what, as a specimen of the joke that was being played on him by Fortune, was his own doorbell.

The door was opened by a personage who was beyond all doubt the old and respected retainer. He had a mask-like face and a suspicion of side whiskers. There were tails to his coat, proclaiming his retainership. Care-taking of a closed establishment had not driven James Henderson into a jacket.

Charlie Penegerton was a friendly

sort of fellow. "I guess you're James Henderson," he said. "I'm Charles Penegerton."

There was no change in the other's mask-like expression. The old retainer stood erect beside the wide-flung portal and the new baronet entered upon his own.

"Fine old place," he remarked, casting his eyes round the oak hall and its old-world splendors. "No, thanks, I don't want anything to eat. I'll go straight ahead and have a look round."

"Very good, Sir Charles," the butler said, and the look round was duly embarked upon.

James Henderson led the way. "You will no doubt like to see the portrait gallery," he said, and conducted Charlie to the Tudor wing, which contained in addition to the family portraits a collection of what the guidebooks call "objects of historical interest."

"The portrait over yonder," James Henderson said, "is the late Sir Roger's grandfather who fought at Waterloo. It was painted when he was quite a young man."

The young man on the canvas had blue eyes and a mouth pursed up to primness although it held possibilities of a smile. He was dressed in a scarlet uniform and obviously wore corsets.

"This is a creepy old place," Charlie said. "Wants waking up."

The mask-like face of the retainer gave a twitch, as unexpected as would have been a facial contortion in one of the painted faces above them. "Penegerton Place is one of the most historic residences in the county," he remarked, in the terse tones of consummate reproof. Charlie realized that he had been snubbed.

"The chair that you see over there," the butler continued, "was sat upon by Queen Elizabeth when she stayed at Penegerton Place." Charlie went over and took a look at the chair. It was covered with faded crimson brocade. "Looks rotten," he commented. "The covering, I mean." He poked his finger into the faded fabric, and there was a direful confirmation of his words. "Wants recovering, eh?"

There was a sudden change in the sphinxlike custodian. Charlie was getting through his hide just as he had got through the covering of the venerable chair.

"I beg of you to take care, sir," the butler cried. "The chair is of unique value. It is exactly as it was when Queen Elizabeth sat in it." There was anguish in his tones underneath the ice on the top. "It has never been re-covered."

"Time it was, then," Charlie opined. Then he relented. "It's an interesting old place," he said. "My fiancée will be delighted with it. She doesn't like Queen Elizabeth; she's a

Catholic. But the chair will interest her. I shall be bringing her with me next time I come."

Charlie Penegerton had been immensely amused by the butler. He sat down and wrote to Valerie when he got back to London. Her mother had dragged her away for the week end. "The butler was simply priceless," he wrote. "He is absolutely and completely the butler of fiction." To which his fiancée made reply, "If he's the complete butler of fiction, he will turn out to be either a gangster or a detective. But I hope you got the right side of him. He's no doubt a human being, all said and done."

Valerie's visit to what was to be her future home was a pronounced success. It could not have been anything else. She was tactfulness itself. She admired everything in the most intelligent way, from the ancestors in the Long Gallery to the Queen's chair. No one could have guessed that Queen Elizabeth had jailed Val's own ancestors for recusancy. She singled out the portrait of the Waterloo Sir Roger.

"Why, Charlie, he's got a look of you about him," she cried, "If only he would smile."

She appealed to Mr. Henderson who was doing the honors. The latter parried the question by commenting on the further memorials of the ancient family to be seen in the fourteenth century parish church.

"Well, what did you think of it all?" Charlie Penegerton asked Valerie as they came away.

"I think that old butler is a pure joy," she said. "You'll have to live up to him, Charlie, or you'll break his heart."

Charlie squared his jaw. "He makes me feel a bounder," he said.

When Sir Charles Penegerton had been in residence a week or so he called the butler into the library. "I wanted to tell you, Henderson," he said, "that I am arranging to throw Penegerton Place open to the public on Saturday afternoons. Seems selfish to keep it to oneself. People can pay sixpence and it can go to the hospitals. They'll enjoy seeing the old place, and it will make an objective for the charabancs."

The old retainer's mask became mobilized. His voice shook.

"The late Sir Roger would never have permitted that," he said, with decision.

"You can take them round,"

Charlie told him, ignoring the comment, "and explain things to them."

"Very good, Sir Charles," Henderson replied, icily. "I only trust that they will not do more damage than can be avoided."

"Why should they do damage?" Charlie protested. The old retainer always made him feel about six years old, and he always got away with it. He would probably get away with this.

Mr. Henderson carried the news to the servants' quarters.

"He's going to let the mob in," he said to Mrs. Sims, the housekeeper. "Sixpence a head, and into the long gallery and all."

"My!" Hetty the housemaid cried. "They'll be wanting to sit in Queen Elizabeth's chair."

"It's enough to make old Sir Roger turn in his grave—or the Waterloo Sir Roger in his picture-frame," Mrs. Sims said.

"The young man's had no bringing-up," James Henderson sighed. "He's what they call a boor."

THE INVASION of Penegerton Place was duly carried out. Henderson undertook his task grimly. He conducted the mob, disgorged at the gate by a charabanc, through the apartments open to inspection. It was a well-behaved crowd, as a whole, but one can never tell with the proletariat. One had to keep an eye on them. As it was, when Mr. Henderson had got them through the Long Gallery safely, as he thought, where they had been permitted to inspect the Queen's chair from a respectful distance, they were overtaken by a young woman and her husband. He had had his eye on her. She was a lively young woman, addressed by the name of Flossie.

"There now," Flossie was saying, "I can tell Mother that I've sat in Queen Elizabeth's chair. And won't she just love the souvenir?"

James Henderson had thought as much. She had lingered behind with the sacrilegious purpose of intruding her unroyal person on the Queen's chair, in which she had appeared interested. This came of letting in the proletariat.

The young woman deserved a scolding, but his one thought was to get the mob out of the place before other liberties were taken. That task accomplished, James Henderson returned to the Long Gallery.

He sought out the Queen's chair. One glance was enough to confirm his worst fears. At the spot where Sir Charles had inserted a boorish finger there was now a largish, triangular gap in the fragile brocade, a portion of which had been completely torn away.

He flung himself on his knees and hunted round for the missing piece. It had completely disappeared. Then it was that the shameful truth burst upon him. The souvenir alluded to by the young woman must have been no picture postcard purchased at the gate, but the fragment of cloth missing from the Queen's chair. He remained there on his knees, absorbing the hideous truth. The Waterloo Sir Roger looked down from his place on the wall, gravely, for the artist had made him so. But he didn't turn in his frame. Well, Sir Charles had been warned. James Henderson rose up and made his way to report the theft to the owner of the desecrated chair.

The latter was sitting reading a detective story when Henderson presented himself. "I have something to report, Sir Charles," the butler announced. "Something with regard to damage done by the rabble that I've just been showing around."

"What have they been up to?" Sir Charles asked. The butler's face set no limit to what might have happened.

"It's the Queen's chair in the Long Gallery," Mr. Henderson said. "I am sorry to have to inform you, sir, that a young woman not only had the audacity to sit down on it, but she has removed a piece of the brocade from the seat and carried it off as a souvenir."

"Oh, is that all?" Charlie Penegerton said. "Don't worry about that. It was partly my doing. I was looking at the old chair yesterday and there was a bit of a hole in the stuff and I made it a bit bigger. I suppose she spotted the piece that had got torn off and thought that she might as well have it as the chair was plainly ripe for re-covering."

James Henderson was shaking all over. His dignity very nearly forsook him. "Very good, sir," he answered. "Then there is nothing more to be said." There evidently was plenty more, and it glinted out of James Henderson's eyes as he turned and silently left the room.

"I believe old Hender's got a

temper," Charlie wrote in his next letter to Valerie. "He's mad with me for letting the mob into the house. I suppose he'll come round in the course of time."

On the following day James Henderson presented himself once again in the library where his master was sitting. He stood there, stiff and official. He moistened his lips.

time," was the other's reply. "Ever since the changes came. The old times are gone, and I'd sooner go away and live in retirement."

Charlie took a pull at his pipe. "But you'd miss the old place," he suggested. "Cleaning the plate, and all that. Of course you'd have a pension, but I think you'd be sorry to break your connection with the

mustn't stick to it. What have you been doing to him? Penegerton is unthinkable without Hender."

But James Henderson stuck to it. The servants' hall did its best to talk him out of his decision. The old retainer shook his head. "Things are different," he said. "Democracies are all very well as empires talking politics, but this is different. The young Sir Charles means well. It's his upbringing."

"We'll soon be getting you back, Mr. Henderson," Hetty the housemaid said. But the butler had made a promise in his heart that Penegerton Place should never see him again and he meant to keep to it.

He had a niece married and living in London. He arranged to go to her.

It was many years since James Henderson had been in London. Not since the days when My Lady was alive and Sir Roger had rented a house there for the season. "Now, Uncle Jim," his niece told him, "you will be able to go round and see the sights." (A butler has no time for such things.) But the sights had no attraction for James Henderson. He meandered aimlessly round the district where his niece lived until one day a sight presented itself that brought all his depleted vitality back.

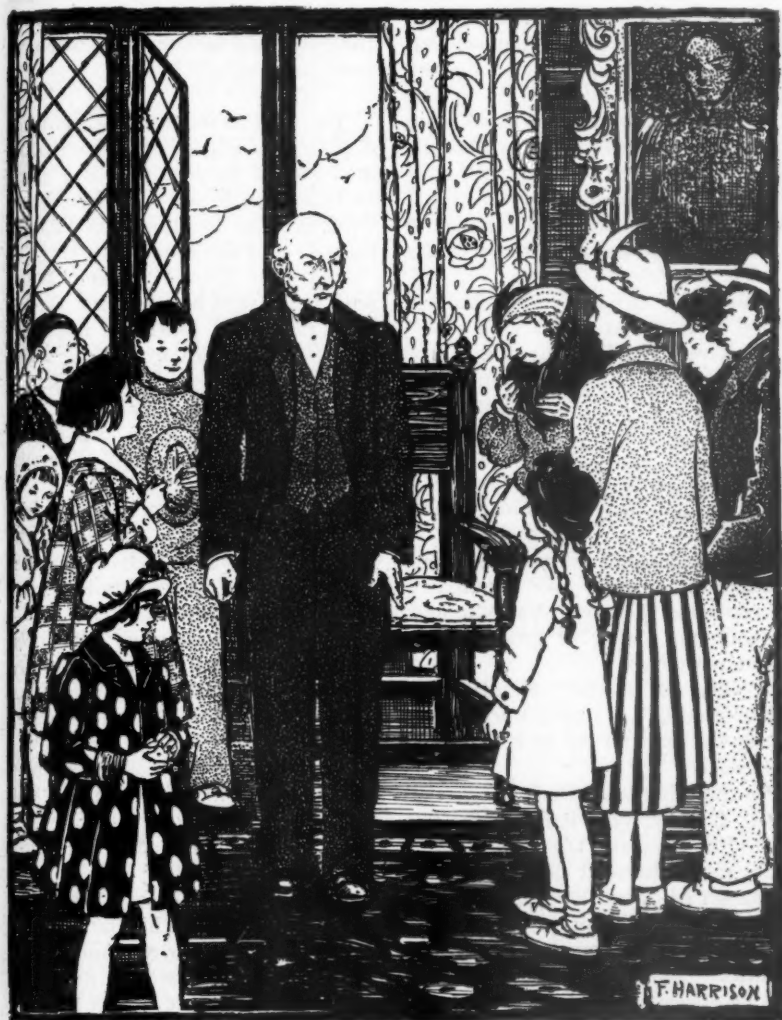
Walking in front of him he saw a young woman carrying a marketing basket. Mr. Henderson recognized her at once. It was Flossie!

In an instant the ex-butler was a changed man. He had changed into a sleuth-hound intent on a hot scent. The basket indicated that the young woman lived in the neighborhood. Mr. Henderson stalked her from a safe distance. Presently she turned into a house of modest pretensions, letting herself in with a latch-key. He took out a notebook and wrote down the number. Then he caught sight of a card displayed in a window: "Lodgings for a single gentleman."

His line of action was plainly indicated. Mr. Henderson mounted the doorstep and rang the bell. It was answered by the young woman herself. The visitor explained his visit. He would be glad of particulars of the apartments to let.

He was taken into the best parlor. It was an awkward moment for James Henderson, for he was after all but an amateur.

Fate came to his rescue. "Why," Flossie exclaimed, "aren't you the gentleman who showed us over that



Henderson undertook his task grimly. He conducted the mob through the apartments open to inspection

"What can I do for you, Henderson?" Charlie asked, helping him on. "I desire to say, Sir Charles," the butler replied, "that I wish to leave your service this day month."

Charles Penegerton stared at the speaker.

"What?" he cried. "I thought old family servants never gave notice. What are you thinking about, Henderson?"

"I've thought about it for some

family. Do think it over, anyhow."

"I have thought it over," the old man repeated, and as he looked at him Charles Penegerton realized that he *was* an old man. He had never before tried to give an actual age to Henderson.

He wrote to Valerie that night: "What do you think? Old Hender's given warning, and I believe he means to stick to it."

Valerie wrote back: "Old Hender

lovely old house last July? Jack and I thought it ever so nice."

"Penegerton Place," he observed, "possesses many objects of historical interest." He fixed a glassy eye on the other. "The chair, for instance, that Queen Elizabeth sat in when she stayed there in the year 1590."

The glassy stare appeared to have had its effect. Flossie's jaw dropped. Her expression changed. "That Queen Elizabeth?" she cried. "Why, I thought it was *our* Queen. Our King George's wife. What a shame! Mother was just crazy over her when she was over in Canada, and I was going to send her a bit of the stuff off the chair that I found lying on the floor for a souvenir. She's silly over souvenirs. What a mercy I hadn't posted the letter! She hates that Queen Elizabeth. She was nasty to Catholics, and Mum likes Catholics."

James Henderson moistened his dry lips. "Just as well you hadn't," he agreed. "Perhaps you will have the goodness to hand that piece of stuff back to me?"

"You're welcome to it," Flossie replied, with just the suspicion of a toss of the head. "I didn't think it was good for anything, lying there on the floor."

A few minutes later James Henderson was on his way homeward with the precious souvenir safely in his pocket.

SIR CHARLES and Lady Penegerton had returned from their honeymoon. They were sitting in the library after tea in the glow of the sunset.

"Do you know, Charlie," Valerie said, "I can't tell you how I miss old Hetty. He was part and parcel of the place, as much as the family portraits themselves."

"He didn't approve of me," Charlie said. "He always made me feel a sort of aborigine. But, talking of family portraits, I've got something to show you that'll interest you, Val. I had forgotten all about it."

He was crossing over to his desk when there came a knock at the door. Hetty—rather a flushed and excited Hetty—presented herself. Behind her there was the bent figure of an old man.

"Please, My Lady," Hetty gasped, "it's Mr. Henderson."

Then Mr. Henderson spoke up for himself. "I beg pardon for intruding, Sir Charles—My Lady," he said, "but

it's a matter of no small importance."

"Sit down, Henderson," Valerie said. "We are delighted to see you. We were only speaking of you this very minute."

James Henderson sat down. He cast a glance round him. Yes, the old place looked much the same.

"It's the matter of a theft that took place when I was in your service, Sir Charles," Henderson said, having somewhat regained his breath. "You will remember that there was a young woman who had the audacity to sit herself in the Queen's chair when the rabble was admitted to the Place, and that she went to the length of carrying off a bit of the covering as a souvenir? Well, I've had the good fortune to track her down and recover the stolen property."

"But how clever of you," Valerie cried. "Have you got it with you?"

"I have," Mr. Henderson said. He thrust a trembling hand into the breast-pocket of his overcoat and produced an envelope. He drew out a paper in which was wrapped a triangular piece of faded cloth.

"There it is," he said, triumphantly.

"I was going to ask you," he continued, "if I might take the liberty of replacing it myself. A needle and thread and a spot of gum—I have them with me—"

"Why, of course, Henderson," Charlie said. "Let's go at once to the Long Gallery and see to it before it gets dark."

So the three made their way to the Long Gallery. Very tenderly the excustodian removed the chintz cover from the maltreated chair. He went down on his knees and gently fitted the missing fragment into its place. It was like a surgeon dealing with a wound.

The others watched him. "You are quite sure," Charlie said, "that the chair has never been re-covered since the Queen sat on it?"

Henderson—he was on his feet again—drew himself up to his full height. He suddenly became the redoubtable family retainer of three months back.

"Most certainly it has not, sir," he said. "No one would have *dreamt* of doing such a thing!" And once again Charlie Penegerton stood rebuked.

"Well," Charlie said, "you can fix it up properly tomorrow, Henderson. Of course you're staying on. It was

ridiculous nonsense you trying to get away from us."

"If her Ladyship isn't already suited," James Henderson murmured.

Sir Charles and his wife were back in the Library. "I told you," Valerie said, "that the butler of fiction always turned out to be a detective. We must get Henderson to tell us how he tracked the thief down. But now, what was the interesting thing that you had to show me when we were interrupted?"

HE WENT to the desk and returned with a slip of discolored paper and gave it to her. It was a letter in faded ink in an unformed handwriting. The heading was "Rugby School" and the date, May 1805.

"My dear Mama" it ran. "Please send me a very big cake for Friday, with plenty of plums. I hope my Papa and you are well. Your affectionate son, Roger Penegerton."

"Why," Valerie exclaimed, "That must be the Waterloo Sir Roger! How terribly interesting! Wherever did you come across it?"

"That's interesting, too," Charlie said. "It was stuck away under the cover of the Queen's chair. I felt it there and made that big hole when I was trying to get it out."

"Then the chair must have been re-covered," Valerie said. "Obviously. Waterloo was long after Queen Elizabeth's time, wasn't it? The date's there—1805."

"And you never told Henderson that, when he was so cocksure," Valerie said.

Her husband looked at her with widened eyes.

"How could I?" he said. "It would have broken his old heart."

His wife's smiling eyes met his.

"You know, Charlie," she said, "after all, you aren't such a bad old sort."

In the housekeeper's room Mr. Henderson was stretched at his ease in his favorite chair, a dish of strong tea in front of him. He was smoking his pipe. He spoke meditatively to his friend and confidant, Mrs. Sims.

"Of course," he said, "it's his up-bringing. He doesn't understand about antiques and all that—Sir Charles, I mean—but the little Missy—Her Ladyship that is—was quite right, although I didn't catch it myself at the time. There is a look of the Waterloo Sir Roger about him."



WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Kathleen Norris' Novels

LEST ANYONE feel there is too much unanimity of opinion and too much agreement in the Catholic Church, let me present a few things to show that this is not exactly so. Not that there is really any need of it, as people should be aware by this time that about the only things which Catholics are agreed on are the dogmas of the Church.

Several months ago I printed a rather strong indictment of Kathleen Norris' two latest books and complained with some asperity about her output for several seasons back. I am now ready to give more data on the subject, and I think it of enough importance for another page here. There is no use in my repeating what I have said before, but I will just say "encore" to myself on the subject and then go on to the pro and con opinions.

None of the letters I have received carries a defense of Mrs. Norris. Quite the contrary. One woman—a schoolteacher—wrote that when she sees the high rating given some of Mrs. Norris' novels by Catholic critics, she sometimes wonders why they don't take the trouble to read them—especially the serials running in magazines. She adds, "Catholic school girls read everything she writes and probably mold their lives on her philosophy. I objected to this once when speaking with a nun. She said Mrs. Norris is writing for the working girl. Invariably the serials mentioned show the girl in love with a married man and the serial leaves off each month without any remorse from the girl who was playing with fire. After many years I decided, in view of the Catholic writeup about *The Venables*, to see if she had improved. Well, I was almost sickened by the first few chapters. You say that her people are dirty. I'll say the book is almost as dirty as *Kitty Foyle*. How can she be a Catholic with such a mind? I'm sorry for some nuns who think she is still a Catholic writer, not having read her, and who sanction their high school girls reading her works. I hope God will forgive her for the mischief she has done. I am a teacher and I know whereof I speak."

Another letter—all the way from Iowa—sends me clippings that speak highly of *The Venables*. She says she took the book from the library but found the first chapter and most of the second disgusting. The whole letter is very intelligent, discusses Kate O'Brien, wants to know what I think of Helen White's *To the End of the World*, and whether I think Elizabeth Jordan's book does justice to Catholicism? It is the letter of a well-read person, not a narrow fanatic, or one ignorant of good literature. This is true of all letters I received on this subject—and they were many:

A Variety of Opinions

NEXT I QUOTE from *The Grail*—also sent to me by a reader of the column. This magazine contains a long review of the book and likes it a lot. It ends by saying that it is a "typical Norris story—full of smiles and tears but with the standards of life strongly maintained."

Next I quote from Theodore Maynard's newly published *Story of American Catholicism*. It is a superb piece of work, scholarly but easy and delightful reading. It must have taken a great deal of research. I enjoyed it all the way—that is, until I came to this paragraph in a chapter called "The Cultural Contribution": "I cannot read Kathleen Norris' novels myself but I feel indignant at the jibe a few years ago in *America* that she is 'a Catholic who writes for the Protestants.'"

Now will someone tell me why Mr. Maynard, who no doubt went through hundreds of old tomes and new ones for his very excellent book, could not find time to run through at least the latest of the Norris books before he put that down in print? I felt a bit of happiness at seeing that the Jesuits anyway have found something wrong about Mrs. Norris' art.

A Quotation From the Past

I WOULD LIKE to append here a paragraph from an article I came across recently: "In these days when divorces and separations and unhappy marriages are almost universal, it behooves us as Catholic women to gird ourselves for a stronger position on the question and to disunite the words marriage and happiness once and for all. Marriage is a great means of grace, rather than of shallow human joy. It is a great road to Heaven rather than to the country club. Committed to a marriage vow, by a Sacrament, assisted mysteriously by grace—that vow, that irrevocable promise, beneath one like a rock—until death it is there, complete. There can be no mistaking it. Real happiness must be made, not found, and the materials in women's hands are its ingredients."

With that we all agree. It is from the pen of Kathleen Norris in an article in the *Catholic World* in 1925. A quotation such as this proves that she is not in ignorance of the Catholic view on marriage. It is evidence, moreover, that her talent could be used with splendid effect in placing Catholic ideals and principles before the general reading public. This could be done, especially by one so long experienced in writing, without turning her stories and novels into spiritual reading. Defense of Christian morality can be maintained by novelists without their having to resort to preaching. Is there still hope that she may change?



Milestones in America's Annals

By W. A. L. STYLES

Illustrated by Robert Allaway

MANY readers will readily recognize the introduction of a speech delivered in 1830 by Daniel Webster in reply to Robert Y. Hayne. "Mr. President," the famous Webster began, "when the mariner has tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course." In that short sentence, Webster succeeded in pointing out a valuable function of history.

Acting as both a sextant and compass of nations which, tossed by the complexities of life, would be lost in confusion if unable to fix their position, history enables communities to grasp their relationship with the past and to chart their immediate forward course. By giving us a sense of continuity in all our efforts and by chronicling immortal worth, history confers a consciousness of unity and a feeling of the importance of human achievement.

From time immemorial seasonal phenomena, such as the coming of

spring, have been occasions for rejoicing and thanksgiving. As man developed and attained a moral consciousness, his ritual marked certain days which we now recognize as a continuance of these primitive celebrations following the cycle of the year.

Anniversaries are increasingly the note of our age. Everywhere centenaries, in whatever multiple, are honored as birthdays are observed and notable occasions commemorated. The present year offers numerous opportunities to learn of, and from, the past, however true it is that personal experience is still as good a teacher as ever, despite the overcharges it oftentimes exacts for its services.

The principal events and personages of the past, whose achievements are written indelibly in America's annals, are recorded in this presentation by centuries and half centuries. While many of these figures were men of lofty stature in their day, their shadows seemingly have lengthened to posterity—a true index of their original greatness.

1492

Exactly four and a half centuries this year, a New World was discovered. With the moral and financial backing of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, an intrepid Italian navigator set sail on a summer day from Palos. By the grace of God, which alone enabled this mariner to plot a safe course through an uncharted sea and rise above a mutinous crew, Christopher Columbus finally dropped anchor off the island of San Salvador on October 12, 1492, thus realizing his lifelong dream of discovery.

1542

A most important discovery within the confines of the United States undoubtedly will be commemorated since the present year marks its quadricentennial. In the hope of finding a direct route from Spain to the East Indies through Spanish waters, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese explorer in the service of Spain, sailing from Mexico, reached what today is San Diego on September 28, 1542, becoming the accredited discoverer of California.

The protomartyr of the United States gave up his life in 1542. This was the Franciscan missionary, Father Juan de Padilla, whose zeal in christianizing the Indians in the Southwest resulted in his death at the hands of hostile red men.

1642

Tercentennial celebrations promise to be widely observed this year as the following events, which happened in 1642, will illustrate. This was the year in which Massachusetts introduced the pioneer child labor legislation in America by exacting that every child laborer should be able to read. The same year the first boundary between Connecticut and Massachusetts was set and Harvard sent forth her first graduates—nine in all—bearing the then prized Bachelor of Arts degree.



Thanks to the intercession of Dutch settlers at Fort Orange, the life of Father Isaac Jogues was spared from martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois in 1642; Father J. Olier founded the religious order of Sulpicians that same year, and Montreal, Que., Gloucester, and Woburn, Mass., were all founded.

1692

In 1692, the wave of witchcraft delusion reached its peak at Salem, Mass., where between June and September, eighteen were hanged; the Church of England became the state church of Maryland; and F. D. Pastorius of Germantown, Pa., contributed America's first scientific essay: the "Four Treatises."

French-Canadian militia, aided by Indian allies, were busily engaged in ransacking several New England outposts during this year of King William's War, including York, Wells, Lancaster, and Brookfield. Over two hundred white settlers were either killed or carried to Canada as captives.

1742

Among the bicentenaries falling due this year none should awaken more patriotic fervor than the celebration commemorating the erection of Faneuil Hall—the so-called "Cradle of Liberty," where patriotic meetings were held during Revolutionary days. Three signers of the Declaration of Independence were born in 1742: William Hooper, Arthur Middleton, and James Wilson, as also the heroic Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene.

Richmond, Va., was incorporated in 1742 and here the first fair in our colonial history was held. The four-year struggle between Spain and England had its repercussion in Georgia: commercial rivalry on the sea and dispute over the ownership of Georgia were responsible for the war fought on land and sea, the Georgia-Florida borderland being the site of armed clashes.

1792

Sesquicentennial celebrations promise to be as varied as they are prolific this year. Washington exercised the first Presidential veto by withdrawing assent to a measure for the apportionment of representation; the cornerstone of the White House was laid in October, 1792, though the executive mansion was unready for occupation until 1800; Kentucky was admitted to the Union as a slave state; and the creation of the first mint in the United States was authorized by Congress.

Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin this year had profound economic and political repercussions. It raised cotton production in this country from 189,316 pounds to over 7,000,000 pounds a year, thus making cotton the "King of the South." This invention was capable of cleaning a thousand pounds of cotton in the time it formerly took a slave worker to seed five pounds'

by hand; politically it converted slave ownership from a liability to a distinct asset.

America's pioneer toll highway, the Mohegan Road, which followed the course of an Indian trail between Norwich and New London, came into operation in the summer of 1792. At this period, private corporations constructed and maintained public highways and, in return, were allowed to gather tolls. This highway continued to exact tolls until 1849.

The Coinage Act of 1792, providing for bimetalism at a ratio of 15 to 1, officially set the price of gold at \$19.39 per ounce, and golden eagles, half and quarter eagles were minted for the first time in our annals. New postal rates became effective. A letter, addressed within a radius of thirty miles, called for a charge of six cents, with eight cents if from thirty to sixty miles, and ten cents if the distance was under a hundred miles.

Captain Robert Gray discovered and named the Columbia River early in the summer of 1792; Quincy, Mass. and Paterson, N. J. were founded the same year; Trenton, N. J. was incorporated; an agreement between twenty-four brokers on May 17, 1792, agreeing to fix



commission rates on the sale of stocks and bonds, marked the beginning of the New York Stock Exchange—an agreement which remained in force until 1817. Though these early sessions were held under a cottonwood tree, the brokers removed to a second floor room on Wall Street where trading headquarters were maintained.

The first chemical society in the world appeared at Philadelphia in 1792—the year which marked the issuance of the first life insurance policy ever issued in this country. The insured was a resident of Philadelphia and the insurer was the Insurance Company of North America, an organization which sold only six policies within five years.

1842

Coming to 1842, we find the Federal authorities levying a duty of seventy-five cents a pound on opium, a commodity which previously had been entering duty free. Massachusetts changed her child labor law this year so that no child under twelve could be gainfully employed beyond ten hours a day; and the Webster-Ashburton treaty this year settled many vexed Anglo-American issues, including the Maine-New Brunswick boundary and the extradition law.

Down to 1842 residents of Rhode Island enjoyed a limited franchise in that the vote was extended only to owners of freehold estates and their eldest sons. Under the leadership of Thomas W. Dorr a new constitution was drawn up providing for democratic suffrage. This same year the University of Michigan received her first class of students; the Croton aqueduct was completed for supplying water to New York citizens; placer gold was discovered near San Francisco; and Father Peter J. De Smet, a Belgian Jesuit missionary, who covered over a hundred thousand miles in the West during a period of forty years, established St. Mary's Mission on Bitter Root River, near Missoula, where he planted the first Montana crop consisting of oats, wheat, and potatoes.

Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Jefferson, Ga., performed the first surgical operation in America under ether anesthesia on March 30, 1842; John C. Fremont led the first of his five explorations into the Far West when he crossed the Rockies to southern Wyoming; America's first bathtub

was installed in the home of a prosperous provision merchant of Cincinnati, Ohio; it was of sheet metal, encased in mahogany, and weighed 1750 pounds.

Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, visited the United States in 1842, leaving his impressions in *American Notes* for posterity to read; Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," passed



from the scene this year as Arthur Sullivan, co-author of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, was born.

1892

The Chicago World's Fair opened its doors to the public in the autumn of 1892—the year a major upheaval in the steel industry occurred between steel workers and the Carnegie organization, with union recognition the chief issue. Manganese steel was manufactured for the first time at High Bridge, N. J.; the University of Chicago opened with her first enrollment of students; the pioneer of monopolistic trusts in the New World, the Standard Oil of Ohio, was dissolved by the Courts in 1892.

It was in 1892 that medical inspection of school children was introduced into New York's schools—the same year that certified milk appeared on the market. The first por-

table typewriter was patented at this time; carbide gas was first manufactured on a commercial scale.

Andrew Still opened the first osteopathic school at Kirksville, Mo. with twenty students in attendance in 1892; this was the year when the Ferris wheel was introduced to amusement park lovers. Among the well-known Americans who died this year were Jay Gould, the "Wizard of Wall Street," who left a fortune of \$72,000,000, Walt Whitman, and John Greenleaf Whittier, celebrated American poets.

Great events have invariably found historians who knew how to paint with unfading colors so that intervening time melts away between us and their scenes. We are still moved as we visualize General James Wolfe reciting Gray's "Elegy" before the ramparts of Quebec, Washington as he raised the morale of his followers at Valley Forge, and Lincoln as he fell back unconscious in his chair at Ford's Theater.

With greater justification than ever, history challenges popular attention today. The first World War shook society to its foundation, and it was generally expected that the period of reconstruction would bring political unrest and economic upheaval in its wake. But it soon became manifest that, because of the magnitude of the conflict, the post-war period would center more upon social than economic reconstruction. With an even greater world war presently challenging democratic institutions and ways of living, historical survey becomes the duty of the times.

The greatest lessons of history are moral. In movements of national exaltation history teaches a wise humility, while in moments of darkness or confusion it stresses wise patience. History points a moral lesson too in demonstrating that the immediate results of a national policy are often of slight account as compared with remote results.

Many of the anniversaries previously outlined will be commemorated this year with befitting ceremonies though others will be allowed to pass unnoticed, except with the most casual reference in the press by individuals or organizations reluctant to witness the passage into oblivion of either personages or achievements deserving of a better fate from posterity.

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

Japanese-Americans

• JAPANESE-AMERICANS are in an uncomfortable position at present. Information concerning them is given by Ernest O. Hauser, who writes of "America's 150,000 Japanese" in the "American Mercury":

Of the 150,000 Japanese in this country, some 100,000 are *Nisei*, second-generation (it is pronounced nee-say). They are the sons and daughters of the "old folks" who came across the Pacific in the early years of this century, to work in railroad construction gangs and farms. They, the *Nisei*, are the unknown quantity which makes the problem so delicate and so hard to solve. They are young, the oldest in their early thirties, the great majority just growing into adulthood, the average age twenty-one. While the "old folks" remain aliens on our soil, excluded by law from American citizenship, the boys and girls of the second generation are full-fledged Americans by right of birth. They can vote, own property, be elected to office; there is no legal barrier to keep a *Nisei* from becoming President of the United States. *Nisei* Japanese are serving in the American Army. And while the "old folks" are gradually fading out of the picture, fresh immigration being cut off by the Exclusion Act of 1924, the *Nisei* are taking their place in a hostile and suspicious world.

Priorities and Glamour

• ONE OF THE sad results of the current shortage of raw materials may be a sudden decrease in feminine beauty. From an article by J. C. Furnas in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Up to now the defense program's greediness after raw materials, complicated by the commerce breakdowns of a warring world, has come into the open only in the East's confused gasoline troubles and last August's silk-stocking riots. Yet economists are not fooling when they insist that somehow most ingredients of normal life are due eventually to be affected. You could write this in terms of bartenders, builders, or grocers. Zinc-coated nails; mushrooms, which need formaldehyde for commercial growing; Martinis, normally made of European vermouths—are only three of 3000 items already feeling faint and dizzy. But for bringing home the personal impact, present or potential, take the status of women's glamour needs, from toenail polish to hair tonic. If things got as bad as they theoretically might, two more years of emergency would see this:

Mrs. and Miss America, once the world's smartest women, would have shiny noses, polishless nails, legs lacking the flattery of silk or nylon stockings. Unless Nature had been unusually generous, they would also

have straight, stringy hair and figures that, without the restraining influence of rubber, bulged in many of the wrong places. Redheads would be scarcer, perhaps blondes too. The allure of their perfumes would be replaced by an aroma recalling great-grandmother's kettle of soft soap. A prospect all the worse because many women, deprived of the usual makings of charm, would lose the personal self-confidence that helps bolster them through the ills of life—often doubly frequent and doubly hard to take during emergencies.

R.A.F. Slang

• SHERMAN B. ALTICK, writing for the "New York Sun," informs us that the R. A. F. men have already developed a vocabulary of their own:

Talking with a group of British fighter pilots now in this country observing American aerial operations, we discovered that they have a language all their own, calling an airplane a kite, the cockpit the pulpit or office, an enemy mass formation a Balbo, the glass cowl over the cockpit the greenhouse, the armorer of the ground crew a plumber, and the radio operator Jeep.

They call a life jacket a Mae West, a parachute is a Brolley, the bomb release Mickey Mouse, a dock to them is a hospital, Mahoney Boys are anti-aircraft gunners, scrambling is taking off, to peel off means to turn away from another plane.

They use many other terms which are just so much Greek to any one who does not understand the lingo. Through contact with American military fliers, some of this phraseology will be picked up and become part of the language of pilots here. They already are using office and pulpit for cockpit.

Cal Coolidge

• TWO HUMOROUS INCIDENTS in the life of Calvin Coolidge are related in the autobiography of George Palmer Putnam appearing in "Cosmopolitan":

A graduate of our Diplomatic Corps with whom I once discussed some writing projects was Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy. He told me tales of early days of Fascism and later days of Calvin Coolidge. One of the latter that he liked particularly concerned a portrait of the President painted by an artist who shall be nameless.

"I was visiting the White House," Dick said. "After dinner the President, saying he had something to show me, took me to one of the smaller rooms. Opening the door, he turned on the light. On the opposite wall hung a portrait of himself. I thought it so bad I could think of nothing to say. For a long moment we stood there on the threshold, silent. Then Coolidge snapped off

the light and closed the door. "So do I," he said. There was nothing to be added.

An experience of my own with the ex-President cost me ten dollars. I had an appointment to breakfast with him at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York to discuss book publication of his autobiography, then appearing in *Cosmopolitan*.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I can predict what Coolidge will say either the second or the third time he opens his mouth," boasted a man who knew him well.

"That's absurd!" I retorted. "Besides, what will he say the first time?"

"First he'll say, 'Good morning.' His next speech, or the one after it, will be substantially, 'What advance royalty do you offer?'"

I took the bet. And lost it. Coolidge said (1) "Good morning," (2) "Let's get at this book matter," (3) "What royalties and how much in cash?"

Interesting Sermon

• A SERMON that aroused considerable interest is reported in the *"Washington Post"*:

Dr. Max Strang, of the First Congregational Church, driving home a point in a sermon, related how the memory of a dead coach inspired the Lubbock (Tex.) High School football team.

The sermon mounted toward a stirring climax with Lubbock trailing Waco, 7 to 6, at the half, but the minister forgot to give the final score.

Within an hour more than 50 parishioners telephoned Dr. Strang to learn how the game came out. (Lubbock won, 13 to 7).

The North American Way

• HELEN BROWN NORDEN adds her voice in *"Town & Country"* to the chorus of disapproval which is growing to large volume about our wrong approaches to South America:

Our radio stations have also all taken up Good Neighbor programs. On one of them the announcer recently stated that the orchestra would next present "the native dance of the Cuban jungles—the rumba," whereupon the orchestra played *Alla en el Rancho Grande*, which is neither Cuban nor a rumba but a Mexican folk song currently popular in the United States. This is the sort of thing which makes not only Cubans and Mexicans, but also anyone who has even the most remote knowledge of—or interest in—Latin America, either mad as wet hens or else hysterical with laughter. It is exactly as if the radio announcer had presented *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* as a typical American Negro boogie-woogie piece.

Other radio stations have played *La Cucaracha*, a Mexican revolutionary song, as a Cuban rumba, a Brazilian samba, a waltz, and an American foxtrot.

The Metropolitan Museum recently assembled a collection of representative North American art to send on a good-will tour. At a preliminary showing in New York, there happened to be present two bona fide South American diplomats. They agreed that it was a fine show and very good art. "Only," they added, "the South Americans will just hate it."

I could go on practically indefinitely with unfortu-

nate incidents like these. Apparently, as far as South Americans are concerned, Uncle Sam has come to town, hat in hand and foot in mouth.

That Dope, Hope

• J. B. GRISWOLD relates some interesting episodes in the life of Bob Hope in the *"American Magazine"*:

For his first broadcast in Hollywood, they gave him a large studio, and at the door appeared a huge sign reading "BOB HOPE Is About To Broadcast. Welcome." Rumor has it that Bob painted the sign himself. He sat there with his bundle of jokes waiting for the crowds to come pouring in. Hundreds, leaving other broadcasts, looked at the sign, sniffed, "Who's Bob Hope?" and went on home.

Four people came in. A woman and two children who had just left a Charley McCarthy program in an adjacent studio, and one embarrassed old gentleman who was looking for a place to fix his garter. Bob had never had stage fright in front of an audience. But now, with dead silence following each gag, he fumbled his lines, dropped a page from his script on the floor, his voice croaked, he was terrible. What the sponsor thought about it came quickly over the telephone from New York. If Bob laid one more egg like that he would be out of radio.

Only a big, laughing audience could save his next performance. He had an idea. He bought yards of rope, tipped the ushers, and the next week the folks who poured out of the Charley McCarthy show were trapped between ropes that made an aisle down to an open door marked EXIT. As they went through the door a most cordial gentleman dragged them in.

"I'm Bob Hope," he said eagerly, in the spiderish manner of a successful salesman. "I'm about to broadcast some very funny jokes. Here are two nice seats on the aisle. Thank you."

He bagged a studioful of reluctant and bewildered citizens. The broadcast started, they laughed, and from then on audiences came without the aid of ropes.

Modern War Correspondent

• THE MODERN WAR CORRESPONDENT is described by Captain Francis McCullagh in the *"Catholic World"*:

Formerly even wars and revolutions were leisurely. Now both are blindingly quick. Former war correspondents were human, impartial, and individualistic; now they are machines of flesh and blood, enslaved to machines of steel—typewriters, motorcars, teletypes, cameras, telescopes, electric torches (for the blackout), steel helmets (for the air raids), gas masks, and I do not know how many other mechanical contrivances. They fly across the Atlantic in eight hours. Their voices are heard simultaneously by hundreds of millions of people thousands of miles away. Their reports are written in letters of fire on the night sky. Shakespeare would have regarded them at first sight as little less than gods, Shakespeare who wrote immortal words with a quill pen and never at any one time had an audience of more than a few hundred, but he would probably regard them as less than men if he deciphered those messages of fire.

Always Agreeable

• THE FOLLOWING STORY of the President is told by Page Huidekoper in "Town and Country":

The story goes, and it is not meant to be true, that the President saw Mr. Baruch and listened to him say that the power to expedite must be given to one man. Mr. Roosevelt smiled his charming smile, and said, "Berney, you're right. Absolutely right."

Later on, 'Arry 'Opkins was talking to the President and advocated a large board which would pass on decisions. "You know," said the Prexy, "Harry, I think you are dead right. I really do." That evening Mrs. Roosevelt was talking to her husband. "Frank, I just don't understand you," she said to him. "First you agree with Baruch, then you agree with Harry when he suggests something diametrically opposite. You can't agree with everyone. You just can't do it."

"Eleanor," he said as he put his long black cigarette holder on the table, "I agree with you absolutely."

Parachute Jumping

• THE DIFFICULT ART OF parachute jumping is being taught to many of Uncle Sam's new soldiers. From an article by Don Wharton in the "American Legion Magazine":

From the ground, parachute jumps look easy, mechanical, almost automatic; from inside the plane you get a different picture. The take-off is the worst moment for many parachutists. Then tension begins to ease, the men start chattering in their seats, chewing gum, lighting cigarettes. As the plane makes a preliminary pass over the jumping field and circles for the pass that counts, the tenseness mounts again. You can feel it; every man is silent, some are sweating, their minds are working a mile a minute. Behavior is contagious; buck fever can sweep through the cabin—once there were five refusals in the same plane.

The jumpmaster, peering through the door, calls "Stand up!" The 12 men fill the aisle; the tension immediately disappears. "Hook up!"—each man hooks a snap-fastener to a cable running along the cabin roof. A line attaches the buckle to the cover of the parachute. When he jumps this line will jerk the cover off his 'chute. "Stand to door!"—on left side of the plane. "Go!" cracks like a pistol. The jumpmaster—a sergeant or lieutenant—jumps, and his men come piling after, all out in ten seconds.

A parachutist doesn't step, run or dive out of a plane. He really jumps. In a split second he comes to the door, spreads his feet, grabs the sides with his hands, leans head and shoulders into the air. He jumps straight out, pushing with both feet and hands so that he stays upright. The propeller blast gives him a half turn; now he is facing the rear, feeling gently with his right hand for the rip cord of his reserve 'chute. He is counting: "One-a-thousand . . . two-a-thousand . . . three-a-thousand," so if he has to pull his emergency he won't pull too late. He has no sensation of falling. If he keeps his eyes open—some can't—he may see the plane's tail passing over him. Or a 'chute opening below or another jumper hanging up there above. Sometimes he hears the cover ripping off his 'chute—sweet noise. Sometimes

on a first jump he may freeze, fail to grab his ring, forget to count, see and hear nothing.

Then the 'chute opens—a rough, rude jerk at best—a cruel, wrenching one if the parachutist has gotten into a head-first fall or if the plane wasn't throttled down to ninety-five miles an hour. But terrible or merely tough, the jerk is welcomed; so great is the relief that many a parachutist has failed to notice the pain until after landing. A colonel landed with his shoulders wet with blood and didn't even know it.

Shakespeare An Isolationist

• SHAKESPEARE WAS AS STERN an isolationist as Senator Wheeler, according to I. J. Semper, writing in the "Catholic Educational Review":

Of all Shakespeare's patriotic utterances the most direct and the most eloquent is the speech of the dying John of Gaunt in *Richard II*. In glowing terms he salutes his native land as

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England"

In these lines Shakespeare glorifies in England as an island fortress free from foreign entanglements, and so strong in advantages conferred by nature that a united nation could ward off the attack of any invading power. Of course, he never visioned the British Empire, with England the mistress of the seas. It has been remarked that, when he uses the term "British," he means the Celtic inhabitants of the island. He was a stern isolationist, whose views show a curious parallel to those professed by American isolationists who stress the natural defenses of a continent washed by two oceans much as he stressed the moat around his island kingdom.

Senator by Profession

• MR. JAMES SHIELDS had a remarkable flair for politics, according to the following item from "Ave Maria":

Did you ever hear of a man serving more than one state in the Senate? Well, that is just what James Shields did in the course of his life. Born in Ireland in 1806, he emigrated to the United States at an early age and settled in Illinois. Later he was selected to act as Senator from that state and served from 1849 to 1855. Next he moved to Minnesota where he was again elected to the same office, serving from 1858 to 1862. James Shields must have been a restless individual as well as an influential citizen, for, after moving to California for a time, he finally settled in Missouri where he worked himself so thoroughly into the public estimation of that state that its citizens followed the lead of Illinois and Minnesota by electing him to the Senate.



Left: Maurice Evans gives his usual excellent performance as Macbeth in the current presentation of the Shakespearean tragedy. Judith Anderson, shown with Mr. Evans in a dramatic scene from the production, vividly portrays Lady Macbeth

Below: One of the really worthwhile offerings of the present theatrical season is "Spring Again", in which Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith (shown here) offer excellent performances



Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER



Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are teamed again in "Babes on Broadway," another enjoyable fun-fest

THE firm hand and moral sense of a Joseph Breen were never more sorely needed in the motion picture councils than in this hour when America stands on the threshold of an uncertain future. War inevitably brings a mighty onslaught against all moral forces and a weakening of standards ordinarily considered impregnable. In such a situation it is doubly necessary for the writers of our plays and books and scenarios to maintain an even keel, to forge a protective armor against the four horsemen of immorality, vulgarity, atheistic philosophy, and subversive propaganda.

Unfortunately, in the past, the screen and the stage have been guilty of spreading the doctrines of these threats to individual and national security. As recently as last month, the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were forced, after widespread protests by the hierarchy and the laity, to withdraw from presentation the motion picture, *Two-Faced Woman*. At the present time, on Broadway, there are at least three plays so objectionable in theme and production, that they constitute a definite and undeniable threat to our nation, a menace which will ultimately be as serious as any outside attack by planes and ships and armies. The filth and slime which have gone into the production of *High Kickers*, *Panama Hattie*, and *Pal Joey* are as inimicable to the national effort as any fifth columnist or enemy agent.

This does not of course mean that most of the film and stage product is objectionable. Many very excellent films have come out of Hollywood in recent months, pictures which have provided fine entertainment and educational benefit to all who have seen them. It is

often inconceivable that an industry which will one day turn out an artistic, brilliant *How Green Was My Valley*, or a splendid musical like *Birth of the Blues*, can shortly thereafter expect its customers to swallow a stupidly vulgar and offensive movie like *Two-Faced Woman*, and the less obvious but equally objectionable features of a dozen or more other "B" and "C" films.

Revisions after a picture has been released is not the answer. It is merely a temporary antidote at best and does not even bring into the light of open discussion the real issue involved. A few weeks ago a writer in a national magazine declared that new leadership is needed in the cinema industry, which may or may not be the solution. Most definitely we need a set of commandments for the Hollywood movie-makers; commandments of morality and decency, carried out by the representatives of a people determined not to have their national security undermined by reckless money-makers who care little for the possible effects of their moral carelessness on the nation as a whole.

Recent activity in the theater has been alternately hopeful, impressive, amusing, depressing, and just plain dull. Most of the acting has been excellent; much of the writing hopeless and banal—a stark fact which should send the producers scouring the country for new playwrights with fresh viewpoints.

A point in case, and also the most objectionable and dull of the new plays, is Somerset Maugham's adaptation of his own novel, *THEATRE*. If this had been written in the lush days of Michael Arlen, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Elinor Glynn, it might be easier to accept, as a unit of the cycle. Appearing in 1941, its stilted dialogue, dated plot, and ridiculous dramaturgy make it inexcusable. On the moral side it is completely lacking in even an elementary appreciation of ethical or moral standards. It is most unfortunate that a player as capable as Cornelia Otis Skinner should associate her name with material as morally reprehensible and technically weak as this. Not recommended on any score.

The Blackfriars' Guild has proven to be a valuable addition to the contemporary theatrical scene. As Catholics we appreciate the importance of the Guild in its efforts to foster a truly Catholic spirit in the drama; as playgoers we welcome the productions they offer for the excellence of the writing and acting. The second offering on their program for this season is *SONG OUT OF SORROW*, a moving and forceful play developed around the spiritual and physical struggles of Francis Thompson. The mood is somber and the author, Felix Doherty, has cleverly tempered his writing and his characterizations so that the effect is neither depressing nor sordid. We will most assuredly hear more from Mr. Doherty in the future. Stacy Harris as the troubled young poet destined to make a brilliant contribution to the field of letters, gives a sensitive and restrained portrayal. His work is the best in a gallery of excellent performances.

There are moments when the new musical comedy, *LET'S FACE IT*, is genuinely clever and amusing, but it occasionally slides over to the objectionable side. However, the lapses are neither numerous nor serious enough to classify the play as unsuitable for adults. It

is the old farce comedy, *Cradle Snatchers*, brought up to date with a set of draftee heroes, and embellished by many lavish sets, a dancing chorus, and the usual lilting score by Cole Porter. Mary Jane Walsh, Eve Arden, Edith Meiser, Benny Baker, Sunnie O'Dea, and Jack Williams are also on the credit side, but the over-rated antics of Danny Kaye and the sly lyrics of Mr. Porter are less pleasing. Adult material, recommended with reservations.

Those who would escape from the turmoil of the hour will find pleasant and humorous refuge in the chuckles and gaiety of the Grace George comedy, *SPRING AGAIN*. A sprightly and lovely star, despite many years of yeoman service in the theater, Miss George makes ordinary dialogue twinkle and trite situations throb with the warmth of genuine emotions.

Spring Again is rather slow in getting started, but as soon as Miss George begins to set the pace, the audience is carried away by her performance and before long they are enjoying the proceedings with relish. For many years, Halstead Carter, portrayed by C. Aubrey Smith, has devoted his time and efforts to spreading the name and Civil War fame of his hero-father, General Epiphalet Carter. The long-suffering Mrs. Carter finally rebels at the endless round of unveilings, the tattered flags and war paraphernalia which decorate the living



Shirley Temple is a poor little rich girl and Herbert Marshall is her father in M.G.M.'s "Kathleen"

room. She collaborates with her granddaughter's husband in writing a series of radio scripts exposing the General for the ogre that he really was. "Life With the General" becomes a radio hit and leads to a family explosion which finally clears the atmosphere. The General is given a well-deserved rest and the Carters settle down to enjoy the autumn of their lives unfettered by the flutter of war flags in the living room.

This can be highly recommended as one of the really worthwhile offerings in the theater this season. C. Aubrey Smith is an excellent co-star for the fragile Miss George, and John Craven, Jayne Cotter, Joseph Buloff, and Ann Andrews comprise a superior group of supporting players.

Shakespeare, Maurice Evans, and *MACBETH* make a welcome return to the theater in a forceful, taut

presentation of the gory and melodramatic classic. However, the performance develops into a personal and deserved triumph for Judith Anderson, who invests the difficult role of Lady Macbeth with a vividness and fiery, macabre quality which few actresses could duplicate.

For the first time since he appeared on the American scene, Evans is overshadowed by a fellow performer. He is still the flawless enunciator, the master of diction, and the most effective Shakespearean player in the contemporary theater, but his lack of versatility is painfully emphasized when he shares the spotlight with Miss Anderson. Always impressive and commanding, his work in *Macbeth* is a striking and effective reading rather than a forceful and compelling performance.

Judith Anderson, on the other hand, is magnificent and moving as the ambitious, tortured Lady Macbeth. It is one of the finest performances in our theater's record book. Margaret Webster has directed with her usual competence, but without the brilliant originality she has exhibited in the past. *Macbeth* is not the best of the Shakespearean plays, but this version is a must on the list of all playgoers, students, and lovers of exceptional performance.

SONS O' FUN is really a revised, revamped *Hellzapoppin'*, with all of the rough and rowdy fun of the first melange retained. Lacking the originality and the spontaneity that characterized the former effort, it depends principally on bombast and roughhouse humor for its laughs. Carmen Miranda, Olsen and Johnson, and Ella Logan are the stars in this noisy, zany revue designed for adult audiences.

Any musical which has been endowed with the music of Hammerstein and Sigmund Romberg can never be criticized as dull. *SUNNY RIVER* is not the exception, though a conspiracy seems to have existed between the director and the librettist to sabotage the play. Old New Orleans is the background, which provides an excellent excuse for colorful sets and lavish costumes. The musical numbers are beautifully sung by Muriel Angelus and the lesser-known members of the large and talented cast. A musical treat for adults who appreciate the best in lyrical entertainment.

GOLDEN WINGS pretends to be the story of the R.A.F. It is much less than that, gaining its principal distinction through a deft, capable performance by screen star, Fay Wray. But it requires more than sincerity in acting and pretension to make a good play. *Golden Wings* lacks the other requisites.

Shirley Temple is making an appealing and most successful return to the screen in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *KATHLEEN*. The prominence she enjoyed so recently seems destined to be hers once again as a result of this film which has been carefully and expertly tailored to meet the requirements of her changing personality. As a poor little rich girl attempting to regain her father's affection she exhibits a poise and charm reminiscent of the early Deanna Durbin films. This oasis in the desert of objectionable material is highly recommended for all age audiences.

High on the list of the season's most amusing comedies is *OBLIGING YOUNG LADY*, a production suitable for all, young and old alike. Situations, complications, and misunderstandings dot the unreeling of the story of a very young lady, who is spirited away to escape the publicity which is expected with the pending divorce of her wealthy parents. Newspapermen, detectives, and lawyers converge on the hide-out for various reasons, and not until the reconciliation of her parents does the obliging and mischievous youngster find a solution for her multiple problems. Joan Carroll is a talented and attractive child star, and Edmond O'Brien, Eve Arden, and Ruth Warrick give her staunch adult support. The children will like this.

The juveniles have it this month in the cinema set. Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Virginia Weidler are the principals in another worthwhile and enjoyable fun-fest. As the title players in *BABES ON BROADWAY* they offer vivacious, youthful hijinks and a completely entertaining session of zesty songs and dances. It is a mythical Broadway to be sure, but more wholesome than the real thing, and when the young stars occupy the screen, audiences will forget the plot improbabilities and accept as a satisfactory substitute the lavish Metro musical sequences. Another recommendation for young and old alike.

The undeniable talents of Frank Morgan have often been overlooked in the past in favor of many less able performers. In *THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN* he comes into his own as a player of exceptional brilliance and understanding. A richly human document of the story of one family in the Old Dominion State as it travels the years from 1913 to 1929. Neither spectacular nor melodramatic, it is completely engrossing and will be appreciated by adults. Morgan receives excellent cooperation from Spring Byington and Katherine Grayson.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE will undoubtedly receive wide publicity because of the presence in the cast of such prominent and reliable names as Bob Hope, Victor Moore, and Zorina. Then there is the added exploitation advantage of the Irving Berlin music and the long Broadway run of the musical revue from which the picture has been adapted. However, none of these features are attractive enough to offset the liability of several suggestive and unnecessary scenes and lines. Catholic audiences are advised to forego this musical.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ., is the Hollywood version of John Marquand's controversial novel. The objectionable features of the book have been eliminated from the scenario and, judged by motion picture standards, it is interesting, provocative adult fare. Robert Young as Pulham, who rebels against his staid Boston regime for a time, only to return to marry and take over the family business, is excellently cast in a difficult role. It is his best work to date, and Ruth Hussey, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Coburn, and Van Heflin are also adept at creating intelligent screen characters. It is worthwhile material for discriminating audiences.



The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Lawyer in Criminal and Divorce Cases

(1) *Is it permitted a lawyer to defend a man on trial for murder by attempting to absolve him from the crime, when he knows for certain that the defendant is guilty?* (2) *Is it permitted a Catholic lawyer to act on behalf of a party seeking a civil divorce, when the couple involved are Catholics? Would it necessarily mean that the lawyer condoned divorce? Would it promote scandal?*—TEANECK, N. J.

(1) A lawyer may act as defense counsel for the defendant in a murder trial, even though the former knows for certain that the latter is guilty. The lawyer's part in such a case is to insure that his client is given all the rights of a defendant according to the civil law, and that his conviction is obtained according to law. But he may not use unjust and immoral means, such as lies, deceit, false witnesses, pinning the blame on an innocent person, etc., in his defense.

(2) "A lawyer may safely act if (a) he has the approval of the Ordinary and does nothing contrary to the divine or ecclesiastical law (Holy Office, May 22, 1860); (b) he seeks to prevent the granting of a divorce; (c) he is told by the Bishop that the marriage in question is not valid in canon law, and hence that there is no real bond; (d) when the Bishop for a grave reason allows a Catholic to get a separation or a civil divorce as the only means of preventing some serious evil; it is understood that the person has no intention to remarry. In a word, whenever the party has a right to go to the court, the lawyer has permission to be an attorney for him, but outside of these cases the lawyer is not justified, *solely for a fee*, in taking up divorce cases and seeking to secure a decree for his clients, because he proximately co-operates in the evil consequences, prepares the way for adultery, and weakens Catholic convictions on the indissolubility of the bond. . . . These principles apply to all valid marriages whether of Catholics or non-Catholics. The

married couple themselves sin gravely by going to the courts, unless there is a proportionate cause, no intention to remarry, and they have the permission of the local Ordinary (III Plen. Baltimore, n. 126)." (*Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law*, Ayrinhac-Lydon.) An appropriate announcement to the parties and the public, that he undertakes to uphold the Catholic doctrine of marriage and seeks only the civil advantages of a court decision will prevent scandal.

Form of Catholic and Non-Catholic Marriages: Christ in History Books

(1) *Why is a marriage between two non-Catholics before the civil authorities valid, but not one between a Catholic and a non-Catholic?* (2) *Is there anything in our history books about the birth of Jesus Christ? A person told me he could not believe that Christ was the Son of God because there is no mention of Him in such books.*—ELIZABETH, N. J.

(1) Persons who never belonged to the Catholic Church, either by baptism or through conversion, are not bound to observe the Catholic form of marriage—before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses—as often as they marry among themselves. The Church makes this exception in their favor in order to prevent invalid marriages. Catholics, however, are obliged to observe the above form for the validity of their marriages because they are members of the Church. When a Catholic marries a non-Catholic the latter is bound to the Catholic form because the Catholic is bound.

(2) Non-Christian historians, as Flavius Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny are witnesses in their writings to the existence of Jesus Christ and His followers. The Christian Gospels, however, are the best sources about His birth, life, and death. They clearly prove to the unprejudiced reader that Christ is divine. They are not only inspired writings, but also true historical documents.

Direct Abortion

Is it permitted a physician to cause an abortion on a pregnant woman in order to save her life? He said that since the patient was dying in spite of all the treatment that modern medical science could give and she had a husband and other children, this was the only way to save her.—N. N.

It is never permitted to cause a direct abortion, no matter what may be the physical condition of a mother's health. Direct abortion of an inviable fetus is deliberate killing of the innocent. A good end can never justify a bad means. Therapeutic abortion—induced for reasons of health—has been explicitly condemned by a decree of the Holy Office, July 24, 1895. In the Encyclical on Christian Marriage, *Casti Connubii*, Pope Pius XI took cognizance of all the objections brought forward in favor of abortion in order to save the life of the mother, and concluded: "However much we may pity the mother whose health and even life is gravely imperiled in the performance of the duty allotted to her by nature, nevertheless what could ever be a sufficient reason for excusing in any way the direct murder of the innocent? This is precisely what we are dealing with here. Whether inflicted upon the mother or the child, it is against the precept of God and the law of nature—'Thou shalt not kill.'"

Communion for Another: Transferring Indulgences to Living: Ejaculation, "My Lord and My God"

(1) In the July 1941 issue, page 753, you stated that Holy Communion could not be offered for a living person. If this is true, how can a person make a spiritual bouquet? (2) In a recent number—August 1941, page 50—you stated: "Canon Law says that no one can apply an indulgence to another living person (Canon 930)." (3) If this is true, what has become of all the indulgenced prayers I have offered for living persons? Also, what use is it to pray for the living? Should one offer all his prayers for the deceased? (4) You said in the same issue, page 49, that the indulgence has been removed from the ejaculation "My Lord and My God" at the elevation during Mass. In the booklet, "Indulgenced Prayers and Aspirations," published at Clyde, Mo., the indulgence attached to this ejaculation is listed on page 32. Please explain how these prayers and indulgences can change with the times. I thought once made they lasted forever.—UTICA, N. Y.

Our general comment on these questions is that the correspondent has not read the answers very carefully. This has resulted in erroneous inferences having been taken from them.

(1) We said that from the strictly theological viewpoint it is difficult to explain the common practice of offering Holy Communion for others. The difficulty seems to be solved by saying that the actual reception of Holy Communion benefits only the communicant, but that the graces that accompany this holy act and arise from the good dispositions of the communicant

may be transferred to another. The indulgences gained on the occasion of Holy Communion can be transferred only to the souls in Purgatory.

(2) It is plainly stated in Canon Law (Canon 930) that indulgences cannot be transferred to another living person. It is futile to argue about the point, when the law is so plain. There is only one exception to this general law. This exception is in favor of priest members of the Pious Union of Saint Joseph for the Help of the Dying, who as often as they celebrate Mass for a dying person enjoy the favor of a privileged altar. This means that when they offer Mass for a dying person they can transfer to him a plenary indulgence. The Church may make exceptions to her own laws. There is nothing eternal about the legislation on particular indulgences. The same power that grants them may modify or abolish them. In regard to indulgences for all the faithful that do not demand membership in any particular society or the use of any specially indulgenced article of devotion, the latest authentic list of them is contained in *Preces et Pia Opera*, published by the Sacred Apostolic Penitentiary, December 31, 1937. All lists of general indulgences must be made conformable to this official list.

(3) Attempts to transfer indulgences to the living—with the exception made above—are invalid, but this does not mean that the prayers offered for them are useless.

(4) The answers about the ejaculation, "My Lord and my God" did not state that the indulgences were abolished, but that the condition of looking upon the Sacred Host when it was made is no longer necessary. Moreover, the partial indulgence—formerly seven years and seven quarantines—has been modified to seven years. A plenary indulgence may be gained once a week on condition that it is made daily during the elevation at Mass or solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion are received and prayer is offered for the Pope.

Catholic Church Under Czars

Was it possible to carry on the worship of the Catholic Faith in Russia under the government of the Czars before the advent of Communism?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The history of the Catholic Church in Russia prior to the establishment of Bolshevism was one of constant struggle against official intolerance and opposition. In 1842 Pope Gregory XVI was forced to call the attention of the Catholic world to the oppression of Catholics in Russia. In 1905 Czar Nicholas II published an edict of religious toleration which greatly aided the Church. So many were converted to it as a consequence, that the reactionary party of the Orthodox Church brought about the modification of laws relating to liberty of conscience; many of the outrages of former years were repeated, and the Government took particular pains to prevent the establishment of the Church in Russia. Catholicity made great progress especially among the more cultured classes. Some observers think that the persecution of all religions by the U.S.S.R. is bringing about a better feeling between the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox.

Infants Dying Without Baptism: Feasts of Blessed Virgin: Her Assumption

(1) Is there anything in Holy Scripture to account for the belief that infants who die without Baptism enjoy eternal happiness, except that they are denied the privilege of seeing God in person? What becomes of them after the General Judgment when there will be only Heaven and Hell? (2) Why do some countries have different holydays in honor of the Blessed Virgin? (3) I heard recently that the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven is not an article of faith. Why then do we observe Assumption Day as a holyday?—ELIZABETH, N. J.

(1) There is nothing in Holy Scriptures stating that children who die without Baptism will enjoy perfect natural happiness forever. It is a deduction made by theologians from the truths about original sin and its effects, and also the goodness and justice of God. There is a large area of speculation in this matter because God has not revealed their lot, but it is thought by theologians that unbaptized infants, and others in the same class, will continue in an abode of perfect natural felicity even after the last day.

(2) There are usually local reasons for the observance of particular feasts in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which do not hold in other places. Thus, the apparition of the Blessed Virgin in a town in Portugal might result in a commemoration of this event in the diocese, but not elsewhere.

(3) Belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven is one of the oldest beliefs in the Church. There is no doubt about its truth; it would be rash and impious for a Catholic to deny it in the face of such an ancient and universal tradition. But before it can be made an article of faith it must be certain that it has been revealed by God, and whether it is to be taught by the Church and believed by the faithful on Divine authority. Up to the present this question has not been formally decided. "The supernatural character of the fact, the continuity and universality of Catholic belief in it, of which there is written evidence since the sixth century, the logical coherence of the doctrine with the rest of Catholic dogma, point to its divine origin; and the continued investigation of theologians into its early sources easily lead to the firm and general conviction that it is contained in the original deposit of revelation committed to the Church, and even to its solemn definition—should the infallible authority of the Church deem it expedient—as a dogma of faith." (*Our Blessed Lady*, Cambridge Summer School Lectures, 1933, p. 162.)

Boy Sopranos

I would like to know if there has been any pronouncement by the Holy Office on the sterilization of young boys in order to preserve their soprano voices for singing in church choirs. Has the practice been abolished?—SPRING LAKE, N. J.

The Church never approved of the operation for preserving the soprano voices of boys for singing in church choirs, or anywhere else, but those who were mutilated by others or born defective were not for-

bidden to make a livelihood by their singing. Since women were not allowed in church choirs, these singers were of great assistance in sustaining soprano parts.

Pope Benedict XIV (1740-1758) and Pope Clement XIV (1769-1774) condemned such operations except for serious reasons of health; the latter made it a capital offense for parents to have the operation performed on their children to preserve their voices. The Popes, however, tolerated the presence of such choristers because their exclusion at the time would have aroused great opposition, for in many places the civil authorities sanctioned the practice. Moreover, it would have been unjust to deprive of a livelihood those who through no fault of their own were innocent victims of others. Pope Leo XIII (1878-1903) finally closed the doors of the Sistine Choir to such singers. There does not seem to be any decree of the Holy Office dealing specifically with the matter, but the Canon Law (cc. 985, 2354) condemns such mutilations under severe penalties. (*Catholic Medical Guardian*, London, January 1938; *Moral and Pastoral Theology*, Vol. II, Davis.)

Consolation and Desolation

A non-Catholic who is reading Baron Von Hugel's *Letters* would like to have these two quotations explained: "Consolation is sooner or later followed by desolation and the latter is, when and where God sends it, as true a way to God and usually a safer way than consolation." "I should like a certain definite time given each day to deliberate prayer, which would not be much added to in times of consolation, nor much detracted from in times of desolation."—NEW YORK.

To those who are acquainted with the terminology of writers on the spiritual life, consolation and desolation are almost what trade terms—as profit and loss—are to businessmen, or to most people for that matter. Beginners in the spiritual life who are intent on striving to be perfect are usually led on by the Holy Spirit by means of sensible devotion. It is the honeymoon period in the great struggle for perfection. This is what Von Hugel probably means—we haven't the context.

When the soul makes progress, God sometimes withdraws these sensible consolations from the soul. This is called dryness or aridity, which may reach a very high degree, as happened with the great saints. This is the period of desolation. Saint John of the Cross, one of the greatest mystics of the Church, wrote a treatise on *The Dark Night of the Soul*. In this stage of the spiritual life, the soul lives by naked faith. Prayer and the reception of the Sacraments bring the soul no sensible consolation whatever. God is purifying the soul by this process, so that it will love Him for Himself alone, not for His gifts. It is more perfect to love God for what He is in Himself, than for what He gives us, just as it is more perfect for a wife to love her husband for what he is in himself, than for the money and the good times that he gives her.

Spiritual perfection essentially consists in the love of God, and the higher the degree of love of God, the greater the perfection of the soul. The more the soul endures for God, the more it loves God. Hence, it is safer to travel the way of the Cross.

Sacrifice of the Mass

Will you in language that can be understood, especially by Protestants who have great difficulty in this matter, explain the meaning of the Mass, including its origin at the Last Supper. With regard to Catholics I believe that fifty per cent of them know nothing about the Mass, except that during the Consecration transubstantiation takes place. During the past week I asked five Catholics their idea of the Mass and got five totally different answers. Please do not refer me to some lengthy tome.—BALTIMORE, MD.

The Mass is the unbloody offering of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ as a memorial of His death on the Cross, and as a sacrifice to God.

The Evangelists, St. Matthew (26:26-29), St. Mark (14:22-25), and St. Luke (22:15-20) tell us that on the night before He died Jesus took bread, blessed, and broke it, and gave it to His disciples saying, "Take and eat, this is my Body, which is being given for you." In like manner He took a chalice of wine, blessed, and distributed it to them saying, "Drink you all of this, for this is my Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Then He added, "Do this in remembrance of Me." (Quotations are from the revised edition of the New Testament published under the authority of the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.)

From the time of the Apostles to the present, priests have consecrated bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus as a memorial of His death. In the Mass they do what He expressly commanded them. Thus, the Passion and Death of Christ is recalled morning after morning on Catholic altars the world over, "For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you proclaim the death of the Lord until He come." (I Cor. 11:26.)

Mass is also a sacrifice. A sacrifice is the offering of some sensible object to God alone by a competent priest and its destruction or equivalent change, in order to signify God's supreme dominion and man's utter dependence upon Him. Sacrifice is also offered to God in reparation for sin, to glorify Him, to thank Him, and to petition Him for favors.

Jesus made the supreme sacrifice of His Body and Blood on the Cross. He made the offering of Himself at the Last Supper. If He had not made the offering of Himself as a victim, His death would have been simple murder. By virtue of that sacrifice the human race was redeemed and the gates of Heaven opened to repentant sinners. Jesus' death happened at a definite place and time. He instituted the Mass to bring not only the remembrance of it to Christians until the end of time, but also to perpetuate the sacrifice itself.

Real religion cannot exist without sacrifice. In the New Dispensation of Christianity there is no need of repeated sacrifices, bloody and unbloody, such as were offered in the Old Law by God's express command, because Jesus' death did away with them forever. The need of a sacrifice is supplied by the Mass, which perpetuates and re-presents the very sacrifice of the cross, but in a different manner. The cross was a bloody sacrifice; the Mass is an unbloody sacrifice. Yet they are the same in essence because the principal priest

and victim of both is Jesus Himself. On the cross He offered Himself; in the Mass He offers Himself by the hands of the priest. On the cross He really died; in the Mass that death is represented and offered to God under the symbols of bread and wine, consecrated into his real Body and Blood. The Mass applies the graces and merits of the Cross.

The Mass is the "clean oblation" foretold hundreds of years before Christ's death by the Prophet Malachias (Mal. 1:10, 11), which will be offered from the rising to the setting of the sun and which will supplant forever the bloody sacrifices of the Old Law.

Hence, the Mass is the most excellent act of religion that man can perform on earth. All the ends of sacrifice—adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition—are obtained in the most perfect manner in it.

The words of Consecration change the substance of the bread and wine into the substance of Christ's Body and Blood, though the external appearance of the bread and wine remain. This is called transubstantiation. The separate consecration of the Body and Blood is the sign of Christ's death on the cross, when His Blood was entirely drained from His Body. Christ cannot die again in reality for He is now immortal, but His death is represented under the sacramental symbols. This is called the mystical death of the Mass.

As an external religious rite the Mass consists of extracts from Holy Scripture, prayers for the welfare of the Church, the faithful living and dead, the offering of bread and wine—all leading to the central act, or Consecration. After the Consecration the rite moves on to the communion, or participation in the sacrifice by priests and people. The rite itself has undergone many changes since the time of the Apostles, who first began to "Do this in remembrance of Me," but it remains essentially the same. It may be longer or shorter in duration, sung or read in various languages, called by different names, as Mass, the Liturgy, the Mysteries, Eucharist, etc., but it is always the repetition of what Jesus did at the Last Supper and the unbloody renewal of His bloody sacrifice on the cross.

Thus has God provided for His people, as the Council of Trent says, a visible sacrifice such as human nature requires, whereby the bloody sacrifice offered once for all on Calvary is recalled and re-presented until the end of time and its saving power applied to the remission of sins.

If you want to read a more extensive development of this great Christian mystery, we recommend Rev. Dr. Russell's *What Catholics Do At Mass*, a series of radio addresses published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind., for fifteen cents net. It is an excellent booklet to offer to Protestant Christians who want to learn about the Mass.

Lives of Saint Joan of Arc

Could you recommend some book on Saint Joan of Arc that is well enough known to be borrowed from a public library?—CLEVELAND, O.

From the Catholic viewpoint the *Lives of Saint Joan of Arc* by Dennis Lynch, S.J., and Hilaire Belloc are recommended. From the non-Catholic side those by Andrew Lang and C. M. Anthony are very good.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words.

The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

CHUNGKING BROADCAST ON PASSIONISTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The following is the text of a broadcast picked up by a friend of mine from XGOY. It came by short wave from Chungking—China's temporary capital:

"True to their cause favoring suffering humanity, American Catholic missionaries in Western Hunan are most active in the performance of war relief work. Supported by money collected in the United States by the Passionist Congregation, of which the missionaries are members, 30 American priests and more than 20 American Sisters maintain 12 refugee camps, 2 hospitals, 10 dispensaries, 3 orphanages, and a number of schools. Thousands of war-stricken Chinese have benefited by their work of mercy, which is directed by Most Reverend Cuthbert O'Gara, who has his headquarters at Yüanling, leading city in Western Hunan.

"The twelve refugee camps maintained by the missionaries are distributed in all leading sections of the western part of that province. For four years these camps have housed and taken care of more than 40,000 refugees, mostly from Anhwei Province. The keynote of the camps' policy is to help the refugees to be self-supporting. Work was found for most of the able-bodied men; others have been set up in business. Women are engaged in sewing—mainly uniforms. Refugee teachers are given work in teaching refugee children, while the sick are treated in Catholic hospitals.

"The missionaries run the hospital and 10 dispensaries. A 100-bed hospital is serving the public at Yüanling, and another 50-bed institution is located at Chihkiang. The dispensaries are distributed at Yüanling and other points. Medical and surgical services are given to refugees, soldiers, and the local populace, as well as to bombing victims, with board and medicine free, and without religious discrimination. At Yüanling alone, more than 500 cases are treated daily at the out-patients' dispensary.

"The Catholic mission also maintains a middle school at Yüanling and a number of primary schools throughout the area. All the schools are registered with the Chinese Government. They accommodate more than 1000 students. Three orphanages supported by the missionaries are housing and feeding 400 orphans. These are located at three points in Western Hunan. A number of the children in the institution are war orphans

and entrusted to missionary care by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

"Work in Western Hunan is carried out under trying conditions. To support such camps, hospitals, and schools costs money. Recently many refugee camps had to close down because of financial difficulties. The missionaries hope that donations from friends abroad will help them to continue such succor. Constant Japanese bombings in that part of the country present another great difficulty. The Catholic hospital at Chihkiang, including a large supply of medicines, was destroyed. It was calculated that damages to American Catholic mission property alone in Western Hunan has amounted to seventy-five thousand United States dollars."

This will be proof for you that the labors of your missionaries are appreciated in China.

Washington, D.C.

(REV.) CHARLES L. MEEUS

MR. LYONS ON THE REDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article "Our Muddled Russian Policy," by Eugene Lyons in your December issue, was magnificent. Red Russia has been sold for so long to the American public by Leftist correspondents of varying degrees of pinkish hue that it is necessary to hammer home the facts by just such articles as that by Mr. Lyons.

I was particularly interested in the article, as I had just finished reading the author's recent book, *The Red Decade*. This work is the best treatise on the Stalinist penetration of America that has appeared in print. Yet it was received coolly by large portions of the American press—even ignored by some reviewers. This was further proof of what Mr. Lyons charges in his book—that many of our reputedly best reviewers are and have been of a definitely pinkish persuasion. I am informed that there are large book stores that refused even to keep the book in stock.

Let us have some further articles from Mr. Lyons keeping us informed through the pages of *THE SIGN* on the current Stalinist "line" and on Party activities here in America. There are few men in the Communist Party or out of it who know more of Red activities in America than Eugene Lyons.

Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES EVANS

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE RECORD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In his letter in the December issue inviting us to look at the record and remember our own sins of aggression and oppression, and those of our British allies, Mr. McMahon asserts that "The Germans had laid down their arms on the promise of a peace based upon Wilson's Fourteen Points. The peace that was forced upon them was something entirely different."

There is nothing very novel about this theory, so flattering to German pride. It is one of the main props of *Mein Kampf*; it has featured every fulmination from the Nazi conventions in Nuremberg, the Brown House in Munich, and the Sportspalast in Berlin for years. But can anyone outside of the Reich accept such sources as a reliable guide in matters of historical fact?

The truth is, of course, that the so-called "armistice" of November 11, 1918, was no armistice at all, but a sur-

render, the capitulation of a beaten, demoralized, and disintegrating German army whose leaders submitted to Marshal Foch's terms because they had no choice between submission and annihilation. Those terms prescribed the details of the capitulation. They deprived Germany of all power of resistance, and they made no mention whatever of President Wilson's Fourteen Points. In fact, there was no need for Foch to refer to the famous "points" since his beaten enemies had greeted them on their first publication with scorn and contempt. The newspapers of Vienna and Berlin and Budapest vied with each other in mockery and derision of the American President and his "unrealistic idealism." It was only when the shadow of defeat and destruction loomed large that the Germans professed a sudden conversion to the Fourteen Points. Under the circumstances, who can argue that the Allies were bound by the terms they had offered their foes nearly a year earlier?

Mr. McMahon asks: "How can these nations (i.e. U. S. A., Russia, and Great Britain) say that a war to keep in their possession almost all the world's resources is just, but that the attempt to relieve them of a portion of it is unjust?" The answer, surely, is that those nations cannot and do not say anything of the sort. What they do say is that the German attempt to reduce the majority of Europe's people to the status of helots and the remainder to the status of pariahs is a wicked, abominable, and intolerable thing, and a menace to the entire world. Can it be boldly pretended that the Poles, the Danes, the Czechs, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the Norwegians were imperialistic, aggressive peoples whose territories the Nazis might rightfully ravage and conquer because of their past transgressions against weaker peoples?

New York City

JOHN MURRAY

SAPIENT ADVICE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article in your November issue entitled "The Proof of Love" by Father Xavier Welch, C.P., certainly deserves a word of comment. The verse from Wisdom, "For Thou lovest all things that are, and hatest none of the things that Thou hast made; for Thou didst not appoint or make anything hating it" is a note of sapient advice to a world today seething with hate.

Your magazine policy merits imitation by other periodicals, but above all by newspapers and radio blasters. It is to be lamented that hate is being engendered on all sides and from all quarters, and that brotherly love, and the love of the Maker, is not preached more by those who have it in their domain and duty to lead.

While the radio hate disseminators, and the magazines and newspapers of the country, decry European atrocities and condemn foreign philosophies, there is arising in our own country a spirit of antagonism to the nobler instincts of man, and the right principles of real Christian living. As a reader of THE SIGN I wish to add a word of encouragement for continued use of the upbuilding articles so interestingly served to us monthly. May your magazine prosper, for I know it will aid in teaching the real way of life, about which we hear so much prattling in our day.

Bronxville, New York

MICHAEL J. MILBOURNE

LITERARY CRITICISM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I know THE SIGN is not a strictly literary magazine in spite of its excellent and comprehensive book review department, but I have often wondered why you do not carry more articles dealing with literary criticism, such as those that have been contributed by Father John S. Kennedy. Father Kennedy's article, "The Novelist Is Responsible," in the December issue, was a delight to read, and I was particularly pleased with the announcement that the author is to continue the discussion in subsequent issues of the magazine. I am sure other readers share my pleasure in looking forward to the forthcoming contributions from this outstanding Catholic literary critic.

New York City

GEORGE S. MAHER

Editor's Note: In forthcoming issues of THE SIGN, Rev. John S. Kennedy, will discuss the following topics: "The Novelist and the Whole of Life," "The Catholic Novel," "Who May Read What?", and "Reviewing the Reviewers."

THE SIGN'S LABOR POLICY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a long-time reader of THE SIGN, let me congratulate you on the sane labor policy you have consistently advocated, both in editorials and articles. It has been extremely difficult in the trying times in which we have found ourselves in the past few years to form a prudent and just judgment of the various battles that have taken place on the labor-industry front. The articles by Dr. John F. Cronin, S.S., have been invaluable in that they have cast oil on the troubled waters and have consistently pleaded that we should not condemn all organized labor because of the sins of small groups or of a few unworthy and selfish leaders. It would have been easy to go along with the crowd and yell for the scalp of organized labor, but the policy you have adopted will help toward the achievement of a labor-industry peace which is essential if we are to win the war in which we are at present engaged.

Washington, D. C.

JOHN R. BRUCE

TIMELY SUBJECTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to suggest as timely subjects that you have articles often on such topics as the following. Is there a personal God? How can we know there is a personal God? Is there a personal devil? Describe in as short a way as possible what would actually happen if we were to have Communism.

Why are so many Catholics only lukewarm, neither hot nor cold? Is it possible that the church services—the Mass excepted—become too routine? Something must be wrong, because our religion is strong enough to hold everyone and everything, if it is understood. Why, then, is our religion not understood in this year 1941-2, with all the possibilities of preaching it, over the air, in the press, etc.? It seems that we Catholics are in a bad way; yes, we are making some gains, but look at the losses!

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

DR. J. H. BECHTOLD



BOOKS



All The Day Long

By DANIEL SARGENT

It is fitting that Daniel Sargent, talented author, benefactor of many missionaries, should write the life story of one of the greatest modern missionaries.

All the Day Long is the story of the co-founder of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh.

As a college student, a seminarian, and a priest, Bishop Walsh cherished the idea of a foreign missionary apostolate sponsored by the Catholics of the United States. The idea was nourished and developed by devoted friends and such men as Abbé Hogan, then rector of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary in Boston, and Father Thomas Frederick Price, a veteran missionary of North Carolina. The latter eventually planned with Bishop Walsh a society that would train priests and brothers for apostolic work among non-Christian peoples. In 1911 the society was a reality and seven years later it sent forth its first priestly sons to the Orient. That was the beginning of a long line of Maryknollers destined for Hawaii, the Orientals of the West Coast, the Philippine Islands, Japan, Korea, China, and Manchukuo.

Mr. Sargent tells the story step by step, portraying in modern dress and phrase the extraordinary qualities with which God endowed this apostolic priest to perform the work for which he was destined.

The finger of God seems to have been behind the work. Today, as a result of World War II, the flow of missionaries and missionary alms from European countries has ceased. America is today the hope of the missions. One reason why that hope will not be in vain, is the Maryknoll Movement inaugurated by James Anthony Walsh. Whenever he spoke, wherever he went, whatever he wrote,

he planted the seed of missionary zeal and enthusiasm.

The author brings out the personality of the man, presenting in bold relief the marvelous qualities with which nature and grace endowed him—qualities that perfectly fitted him for his work. *All the Day Long* will make a strong appeal to Catholics and non-Catholics as portraying an important step forward in the Catholic Church of America. It will be read and re-read by priests and laity who knew Bishop Walsh personally and imbibed from him some of their zeal for missionary work.

Longmans, Green, & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Windswept

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

The title of this novel is more significant than the titles of most books. It is actually the name of John Marston's mansion, built on the windswept coast of Maine, but it also connotes the general *mise-en-scène* of the book—the wild, savage atmosphere of an otherwise uninhabited coastal section of northeastern New England. On this rocky promontory the generations of the Marston family have their roots and live their lives.

Miss Chase is a seasoned novelist. She is especially adept at instilling atmosphere and local color into her writing. Once the setting of the story is placed geographically on the barren coast of Maine, the physical milieu is fixed, and throughout the narrative one can almost hear the wind blowing with restless violence as a kind of symphonic accompaniment to the text. This in turn begets the mood in which the tale is pitched—a somber atmosphere, wherein the grim realities of life and death affect the lives and fortunes of a long line of Marstons.

Some may find fault with the layout of the story. It does span a vast

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stretch of time and there are quite a few characters for a normal length novel. This has resulted in an episodic or panoramic presentation of the story with a consequent loss of centrality. And yet, for those who like this narrative technique, nothing is lost, for the story as written is distinctly superior and is cut from solid marble.

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.75.

All That Glitters

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Mrs. Keyes has presented in *All That Glitters* a blue-plate special of the social life of Washington's fashionable Four Hundred. Everything is here: the tinselled splendor of sumptuous society dinners, cocktail parties, and pink teas; the planned fanfare of a "coming-out" party; the artful deceptions of diplomacy; the hypocrisies and jealousies and rivalries of bon-ton matrons; the thousand and one involvements of true and false love.

With a principal focus on four women, the story embraces in its extensive scope for some eight hundred pages the most important aristocratic denizens of the nation's capital. The plot is arresting and the characterization sharp. For a book of such length there is a remarkable cohesion of theme with little spilling over into the inconsequential. Mrs. Keyes has a flair for dramatic situations and can skilfully tie up a particular complication of plot and then unlace it at the right moment for maximum effect.

This novel would win for the author one more chevron of success if it were not so preoccupied with sex—not in the pornographic sense, but so excessively as to tarnish the golden quality of her work as suggested by the title. As a seasoned veteran of the quill, Mrs. Keyes should have avoided this.

Julian Messner, Inc., New York. \$2.75.

BOOKS TO READ

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The Novel and Society

By N. ELIZABETH MONROE

Miss Monroe, assistant professor of English at Brooklyn College, has given us the best-rounded critical study of the modern novel which has yet appeared. Her work is comparable to that of Van Wyck Brooks in his *Opinions of Oliver Allston* and that of Norman Foerster in his contribution to *The Intent of the Critic*. She may not yet enjoy the recognition given Mr. Brooks and, in lesser degree, Mr. Foerster, but she surpasses these better-known critics in the measure that the philosophical foundations for her approach to literature are deeper, sounder, and better integrated than theirs.

"The worst judgment that we can pass on contemporary fiction," writes Miss Monroe, "is . . . that it is almost completely divorced from human concerns." Objective truth and genuine values have little place in the work of many modern novelists. But this is not entirely the novelists' fault. It is the fault of the society by

which they have been formed, and which they recreate in their books. There can be no effective criticism of the modern novel which is not also a criticism, in the light of first principles, of the society which the modern novel reflects.

Miss Monroe is qualified to make this salutary, if difficult, criticism. She has studied and assimilated the best social criticism being done today. She knows the field of letters thoroughly. With skill and sureness she has brought the one to bear on the other, never losing sight of the scope and the canons of art.

She analyzes the work of six women novelists, each in a long, searching chapter. Especially good is the treatment of Sigrid Undset and Virginia Woolf. Other novelists are more briefly, but no less discerningly, considered. This book ought to be promptly and widely used in Catholic colleges.

University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. **\$3.00.**

The Pageant of South American History

By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

This book is precisely what its name suggests; it is a series of historical floats depicting in succinct, graphic, and dramatic sequence the fascinating story of South America from the misty legends of Manco Capac and Mama Oello down to the resuscitated idea of Simón Bolívar in the form of modern Pan-American co-operation.

The book has five logical divisions of the subject into pre-conquest, conquest, colonial, national, and contemporary South America. Remarkably unlike so many modern writers on South America, Mrs. Peck does not give the Catholic Church and Catholic culture in Spanish America the silent snub or the treacherous treatment of just passing comment. She knows her history well enough to realize that one cannot leave the Church out of Spanish history any more than one could leave the Puritans out of New England history. She is fair and liberal here.

Although the author professes to give only a series of historical tableaux, she lingers occasionally for incisive comment. She injects life into the dry bones of history, enriching her pages with legends, anecdotes, social customs, references to culture and arts. It is a book of

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shadows and substance and it is remarkable how much interesting detail work is woven into this warm, colorful, colossal tapestry of South American history.

Readers who are searching for an informative and captivating initiation into the South American scene have here a volume made to order; every Spanish term is accommodately explained from *tertulia* with *maté* to the Chilean *chingana*.

Longmans, Green, & Co., New York, **\$3.00.**

GALL AND HONEY

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Edward Doherty is a star newspaperman, a lapsed and reconverted Catholic; his autobiography is primarily a document, the invaluable testimonial of an isolated society, an isolated culture, an isolated era. The milieu in which he subsists has a hard-headed unreality—all brusqueness and spotlights—that is peculiar to the more convincing up-to-date movies. The writing with its flashing sequence, its studied, staccato rhythms, and its adroitly focussed anecdotes, merely underlines the essence of such subject matter.

Journalism is sometimes naively thought to be styleless. The story of the young intellectual who is exhorted to get a job as a reporter so that he may catch a glimpse of life and be purged of rhetorical affectation is proverbial. Of course, the opposite is true; and nowhere else does one find so many complicated tricks and standardized techniques. Of all this, *Gall and Honey* is not only a distinguished and original exemplar, but a handbook.

Over two hundred pages are made up of story-telling which is undoubtedly masterly. The more serious and spiritual sections, those broaching married altruism, devotion, beauty, and conversion, are pathetically authentic. Here, rather unavoidably, the execution is literary and exaggerated as in popular novels.

Sheed & Ward, New York. **\$2.50.**

The Story of American Catholicism

By THEODORE MAYNARD

There has long been need of a concise, general history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Theodore Maynard has attempted to fill this need. Disclaiming any pretension to having written a critical history.

he portrays the broad general lines of the birth and growth of the Church in America.

He begins the story of the Catholic Church in America with a chapter on the various myths, legends, and claims concerning the pre-Columbian discoveries of the Western world and an account of the historical foundation of the Church of Greenland. He continues with the story of the actual discovery of the new world by Columbus. The account of the French and Spanish missionary and colonizing efforts follows in three chapters.

Lord Baltimore's colony in Maryland brought the real beginning of the Church to America—a beginning strengthened by Baltimore's policy of religious toleration. When Maryland lost its Catholic rulers it became another colony that persecuted Catholics. The chapter on the Penal Age details the various laws and persecutions against Catholics in all the colonies, except Pennsylvania, and concludes with the story of the killing of Father Rale in Maine.

The story of the Church continues through the prefecture and episcopacy of Carroll, the trustee disturbances, the influence of Bishop England, the sudden growth of the Catholic population by immigration, etc. The treatment is topical and only the high lights are described. Cardinal Gibbons' life and work are described at length. The concluding chapter of the book deals with the future of the Church as a living influence in American life and culture.

It is difficult to form a simple judgment on the merits of the book. The author has accomplished his purpose of telling the story of the Catholic Church in America. Much has been omitted through necessity. The author has an engaging style and the book can be recommended to those who are interested in the history of the Catholic Church in America.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.50.

I Paid Hitler

By FRITZ THYSSEN

This is the season for confessions. In *The Conservative Revolution*, Herr Rauschning offered his apologia of why and how he was deceived by Hitler. In *I Paid Hitler*, Fritz Thyssen more or less abjectly confesses that he, too, was deceived by Hitler, to the amount of a million marks.

It is quite remarkable that two seemingly astute and clever men of

the world could be so taken in by one who has been described as an ignorant Austrian house painter. Each of these men professes to have had none but the highest motives in enrolling under Hitler's banner. It would be most unkind to suspect that this might not be the whole truth, but one must have some doubts.

This book is an interesting addition to contemporary history. How valuable it really is will not be determined until the true facts of these amazing twenty years are revealed.

Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$2.75.

CHRISTMAS AND TWELFTH-NIGHT

By SIGRID UNDET

Sigrid Undset's ability in writing devotional literature may surprise readers of her novels. In *Christmas and Twelfth-night* she has written a devotional treatise of a profoundly Catholic consistency. With reverent adoration she kneels in spirit before the crib and meditates on the stupendous meaning of the birth of the Son of God. Her reflections are childlike in simplicity yet intellectually deep in quality.

This is a second revised edition of a work published many years ago. In these days of uncertainty and skepticism this little brochure may be profitably read and re-read for spiritual comfort; it will help to maintain interior peace of soul in a war-mad world which has forgotten Him who came to bring "peace on earth to men of good will."

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$.90.

Between the Acts

By VIRGINIA WOOLF

Devotees of what might be called the "Eccentric School" of writing have loudly acclaimed *Between the Acts*, the swan song of Virginia Woolf. It may be presumptuous to question the validity of the work of an accredited writer, but to this reviewer the book seems to be little more than a flash in the pan.

It is very taxing to appraise this novelette adequately and justly. It is definitely outside the margins of the traditional novel pattern. It has an indefinite, disjointed quality that is extremely annoying to the ordinary reader who looks for continuity and purposeful drive in a novel. The characters seem to exist merely for the sake of uttering witty, or bril-

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liant, or inconsequential, or pedantic statements, pretty much to no purpose as dialogue. The story has an over-all character of formlessness, despite a certain brittle beauty.

We have here the handwork of a skillful writer but one who did not harness her thoughts. The result is a crazy-quilt creation upon which is turned sporadically the spotlight of iridescent and sparkling thought, but the effect is like that of the kaleidoscope—we are momentarily pleased and awed by the beautiful play of light, but the exercise is rather valueless in the realm of art.

In summation, one can hardly call *Between the Acts* a real novel. It is a kind of imaginative fantasy, abounding in brilliant salvos of poetic diction and startling turns of thought, but lacking cohesive unity and substance.

Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. \$2.50

In the Shadow of Our Lady of the Cenacle

By HELEN M. LYNCH, Religious of the Cenacle

The aim of this book, as the author tells us, is to offer a series of word-pictures of the Cenacle during its first fifty years in America, and to pay tribute to those whose fidelity and courage in their vocation not only preserved the traditions of the Society, but also transmitted them intact to the generations of today.

The book opens with a brief account of the very beginning of the Cenacle in France. This is followed

by a more detailed account of the struggles and success of the little group of Cenacle Religious who came from France to New York in 1892. Quite naturally the story of the first foundation in this country occupies the main part of the book; but the story of the foundations made in other cities is not overlooked. The account of each foundation includes some remarks concerning the work done for women wherever the Community established itself. The reviewer promises the reader that he will find an amazing, though brief, record of spiritual activity on the part of women who evoked the highest praise from the late Pontiff, Pius XI.

The Paulist Press, New York. \$2.00.

Sound Social Living

By E. J. ROSS

Today there is a new, insistent demand for groundwork knowledge of the social sciences. International, national, and community gears are locked and, for the resulting "crisis world," the selfish popular indifference of the past decades must bear a large share of ultimate blame. *Sound Social Living* meets this current need, at least for the preparatory school class.

Dr. Ross' work may be described very aptly as a primer of the social sciences. In it the essentials and interrelationships of family and economic, community, national, and international life are capably presented, each against a well-delineated

moral background. Such a book should hold a vital place in preparatory school study.

Two features of Dr. Ross' work call for special commendation: (1) the carefully organized plan of presentation which gives a sense of real unity to the entire field of study; (2) the excellent mechanical arrangement of the book, notably its judicious use of purposeful, bold-face outlines, and chapter bibliographies. The book is basically a primer—a well-marked jumping-off place for guided, practical discussion. So viewed, its occasionally abstract approach becomes wholly satisfactory. A few inaccuracies aside, *Sound Social Living* is a graphic outline of our social sciences, a presentation for which Dr. Ross' craftsmanship deserves sincere commendation.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. \$2.12.

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By CAPTAIN W. H. BAUMER, JR.

The worst thing that can be said about *He's in the Army Now* is that Captain Baumer attacked his subject with a shotgun. It happens also to be the best thing that can be said, for every individual pellet found its target. Anyone who would understand the Army as it looks to the soldier in all its many phases, in an unhappy world in which our Army will come to bulk larger and larger in the national consciousness, might well investigate this authoritative little book.

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Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.50

Young Man of Caracas

By T. R. YBARRA

Most of the newspaper readers who recognize the author's name as a foreign correspondent's "by line," are unfamiliar with his background. Son of a Venezuelan father and a

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Ives Washburn, Inc., New York. \$3.00.

Out of the People

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

This book is another outspoken complaint against prevailing British social and political institutions. The author speaks not so much as a political scientist as a lay observer of modern trends.

Mr. Priestley speaks at some length of the failure of revealed religion in modern society. It seems not to have impressed him that modern society has failed revealed religion. Also, it is stated that a return of society to spiritual alertness would leave most of the present social problems unsolved, with the question half posed as to whether society would then be better or worse. Could anyone easily conceive a worse condition than that brought about by modern society's abandonment of spiritual principles?

This book is timely and thought-provoking, but hampered in its constructive proposals by the same lack of lofty perspective that has wrought the misery the author attempts to correct. It is a strong cry for a weak remedy.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50

Democracy Marches

By JULIAN HUXLEY

As late as 1938, a London correspondent for a New York newspaper described some of the weak spots in the English political and social fabric with the observation that such topics were then considered to be in bad taste for polite conversation. Those same topics have become decidedly mentionable since that date, and to a discussion of them Julian Huxley has devoted his latest book. He presents his material with scientific nicety, with conclusions coolly and clearly thought out, and, for the most part, solidly founded.

Only on one or two points could

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serious objection be taken to the principles underlying his proposals. Democracy, he believes, will flourish best if, among other things, child education, rescued from religious direction, be directed by the State along social lines. He states that several chapters would be necessary to amplify his ideas on the subject. Unfortunately, as much space would be required to do justice to the proof that social education not based upon sanctions is doomed to failure.

Again, the author declares that by her aggressions on small nations, Germany has taught the world a bitter but necessary lesson, that "the sovereign right of small nations to neutrality can no longer be tolerated," and that "neutrality is finished as a political concept." In this instance, Mr. Huxley seems to forget that democracy has as its chief concern the recognition and protection of the natural rights of individuals, and that while in particular cases certain rights may be considered superseded by other stronger and conflicting rights, the lesser right may not on that account be branded as forever extinct.

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By REV. W. B. MONAHAN, M. A., B. D.

Dr. Monahan's latest work takes the form of a scholarly synthesis of the Angelic Doctor's classic teaching on the Holy Eucharist. Features that particularly recommend the work are: its excellent order of treatment, its genius for clear and concise summarization, and the fact that the Church's teaching on the Blessed Sacrament as set forth by St. Thomas, is consistently contrasted with the heretical tenets of the reformers.

While Dr. Monahan's work, then, is we believe quite beyond criticism, still, being the type of book it is, we think that it should quite properly be introduced with a preface or fore-

word setting forth the author's purpose and approach to his subject; and certainly as a work in theology it should contain the *Imprimatur* required by canon law.

The Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Maryland.
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DRAFTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

By ARTHUR T. PRESCOTT

The Federal Constitution of the United States did not "just grow" like Topsy. It was the result of careful planning and much deliberation. Madison's Notes, according to Mr. Prescott, are the best guides to an understanding of the American Federal system. By reorganizing these Notes and supplementing them with other documents pertaining to the Philadelphia Convention and Ratification Processes, he has provided excellent source material on the evolution of each feature of the system. A thorough index enables the student of government to utilize this book to great advantage. Its physical make-up also merits praise.

Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, La. \$5.50

BRIEF MENTION

NOVENA TO ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX, by Michael A. Lee

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.00
For those who are not yet acquainted with the wonderful life of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, this little book affords an excellent introduction. Incorporated in the book are several inspiring talks on the Little Flower which the author delivered at a novena conducted in his busy Los Angeles parish. Father Lee's reflections on the virtues of St. Thérèse provide meditative reading which cannot fail to enrich the spiritual life of the reader. The well-known prayers of the Novena to St. Thérèse are also included.

CHATS WITH JESUS, by William H. Russell, Ph.D.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$1.00
In these "chats" between Our Blessed Lord and the reader, the subjects for discussion are provided by various Gospel narratives. Dr. Russell, the author, is Professor of Religious Education at the Catholic University of America. His deft treatment imparts a new significance to each event discussed in this delightfully informal book of meditations.

COURAGEOUS CHILDREN, by Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S.

Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazians, Wis.
Another collection of stories about virtuous children translated by the author of *Christ's Little Ones*. The book is made up of brief biographies of eleven saintly children of our own time who "lived virtuous lives and climbed to the lofty heights of perfection." The book will be of interest to parents and teachers as well as to children.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE, by Rev. John A. Kane

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50
Father Kane offers a series of thoughtful but simply written meditations on the Holy Eucharist. He is motivated by a desire to increase his readers' knowledge and love of Our Lord in the Eucharist. In the words of Father Gillis, who writes the Foreword to the book, "Father Kane succeeds notably in doing what he aims to do. Indeed he has done more; he has revealed not a little of himself. . . . To reveal God, to reveal oneself, and to reveal the heart and mind of a hearer or reader to himself—this is a great achievement for any preacher or author."

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THE FRUITFUL IDEAL, by Fr. Maximus Poppy, O.F.M.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Paper. \$1.00; Cloth. \$1.50
From information supplied by various Franciscan communities and Third Order Fraternities, the author has compiled an accurate and comprehensive survey of all the Franciscan orders and congregations in the United States.

THE LEGION OF MARY, by Cecily Hallack

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00
The last written work of Cecily Hallack before her death in 1938 was this description of the Legion of Mary, a remarkable movement which has spread to every continent in the twenty years of its existence. The Legion is an "apostolate of prayer and work" which received a special blessing from Pope Pius XI as well as from the reigning Pontiff. This story of its beginnings and activities provides enjoyable as well as elevating reading.

THE MASS, by Rev. Joseph A. Dunne

The Macmillan Co., New York. 1.25
This is the ninth reprint of the very excellent work on the Mass by Father Dunne. In the 375 pages of the book there is a clear explanation of the principal parts of the Mass that gives the reader a better understanding and deeper appreciation of the Sacrifice of the Altar. It is particularly suited for colleges, high schools, and study clubs.

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING, by Julie Bedier and Louise Trevisan

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$1.00
A happy-ending story of two Chinese babes in the wood, "Julie Bedier" is really a Maryknoll Sister who spent sixteen years in the foreign missions. Her tale of two Chinese youngsters who travel the long road to Lo-Ting, hoping to find a welcome at the Catholic mission there, is written with understanding and in delightful literary style. It cannot fail to entertain youngsters and grown-ups alike. The charming sketches by Louise Trevisan add to the general attractiveness of the book.

LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS (Vol. II). Edited by George N. Schuster, S.M.

Brothers of Mary, 4761 Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. \$3.50

A popular and inexpensive introduction to our priceless Catholic literary heritage is here presented in a truly attractive form. Accompanying the portrait of each author is a description which catches the highlights of his work and style. This is just such a selection as librarians, students, teachers—all Catholic readers who are interested in the Catholic literary tradition and revival—will want to have on hand. And those who are not interested will become so by reading this unusual work. It is available for wholesale distribution at 20 cents per copy, in orders of 50 or more.

THAT MADE ME SMILE, by Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00
This collection of humorous happenings witnessed by Father Lord first appeared in his always-interesting syndicated column, "Along the Way." "Because I was loath to let even mildly humorous incidents be lost in a world that is apparently growing daily grimmer and more solemn," says the author, "I decided to put them between book covers." His decision was a happy one for the large group of readers that the stories will now reach.

HI, GANG!, by Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00
Recollections of his grammar school days provide Father Lord with material for this collection of entertaining stories. When they were published in the Youth Section of *Our Sunday Visitor*, these articles elicited an enthusiastic response from adult as well as younger readers. Their publication in book form enables them to reach a wider audience.

SUPPLEMENT TO A READING LIST FOR CATHOLICS, by Charles L. Higgins and John M. O'Loughlin

Catholic Library Association, Scranton, Pa. \$1.15
By utilizing every agency at their disposal, members of the Catholic Library Association are endeavoring to acquaint their fellow Catholics with "literature of their own tradition." One of the means employed is the annual National Catholic Book Week, a venture which was undertaken for the first time in 1940 and which was successfully repeated in 1941. An outcome of the first National Catholic Book Week was an excellent publication—*A Reading List*

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for Catholics—containing a listing of recreational as well as educational literature. The Supplement was published in November. Whether the reader's taste runs to biography, fiction, historical or educational subjects, he will find worthwhile recommendations in this supplement as well as in the original list.

UP FROM THE MINES, by W. Patrick Donnelly, S.J.St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.25
In this paper-covered book, based on a translation from Adro Xavier's *Entre Obreros*, Father Donnelly presents a readable account of the life of the saintly Father Pro. Michael Pro Juarez was born of the Mexican working class and was their champion throughout his life. It was his apostolic labors among the working poor that brought him martyrdom at the hands of the vicious Calles regime. *Up from the Mines* is an inspiring tribute to a heroic and charitable leader, "The Padre of the Proletariat."**THE BOY WHO SAW THE WORLD, by Brother Ernest, C.S.C.**Dujarie Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Entertaining as well as edifying reading for boys is to be found in this story about St. Francis Xavier, who gave up a life of wealth and luxury to carry the Faith to the most remote corners of the world. Brother Ernest has written an absorbing account of the adventurous life of this great missionary who was born in a castle and died on a forsaken island far removed from civilization. Boys will relish this story of the adventures that he experienced during his journeys.**TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, by Blessed Louis Marie de Montfort**The Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, New York. \$1.00
Since Blessed de Montfort's manuscript, *Treatise on the True Devotion*, was discovered in 1842, more than a century after his death, the form of devotion to Our Lady that he taught has received wide acceptance in the Church. Both lay and religious clients of Mary will welcome this most recent edition of the book, the first to be published by the Montfort Fathers in the United States.**HAND CLASPS WITH THE HOLY, by Edward J. Murphy, S.S.J.**Catholic Literary Guild, Ozone Park, N. Y. \$1.50
This book affords the reader an introduction to twenty-four of God's heroes and heroines. It is different in its presentation, insofar as it teaches that we need not fear to approach the Saints. Rather, we miss something if we do not know the holy men and women who have preceded us. We leave the account of each Saint with the conviction that as they have done we can do. The book is written in an interesting style and is ideal for short readings.**PRINCESS POVERTY, by Sara Maynard Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y.**

In this joint biography of St. Clare and St. Francis of Assisi, Mrs. Maynard offers younger readers an introduction to two great Saints. No youngster can fail to be enthralled and edified by this moving account of the lives of two faithful fol-

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lowers of the Princess Poverty. Even the older members of the family will find in the book much that is inspirational and absorbing.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE CALENDAR, 1942, by William Puetter, S. J.Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.00
Active participation of the laity in the official worship of the Church is an ideal sought by a steadily increasing number of Catholics. Helpful suggestions for the achievement of such an objective are contained in the 1942 Christian Life Calendar. The faithful will find in Father Puetter's calendar many practical aids for enriching their spiritual lives. Lay reading of the daily office is advocated, and directions are given. Brief explanatory notes are given for each day of the Church year, feast days, Ferial days, and days of fasting and abstinence, are also listed.**THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL and THE HEART OF REVELATION, by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.**Apostleship of Prayer, New York. \$1.00
Father Donnelly has written a series of books fostering devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The present little volume is a combined edition of two books previously issued. It offers readers the opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with the lovable virtues of the Heart of Jesus. Thought-provoking meditative reading is presented in the author's capable and attractive style.

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FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

SUGGESTIONS on saving are given in this issue by Charles R. Rosenberg, Jr., "Something for a Sunny Day." Patriotism will spur our readers to aid the drive for Victory by the purchase of United States Defense Stamps and Bonds.

But here is another thought.

During the prolonged Japanese-Chinese struggle our missionaries have been bearing a great part of the relief burden in their district. After the war, bombed buildings must be replaced, supplies purchased, schools reopened. Large accumulated needs will call for immediate action.

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